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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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While Brown Brooks Run

THE new man of the industrial age has a name waiting for him. He will be a cockney. Cities will be his environment, and when he leaves them he will drag a tawdry line of communication after him. He will never be far from a picture palace, a drug store, and an office building. Even out of town he will keep his mind urban. For him there will be only two kinds of country: lots and fields; two kinds of trees: evergreen and not evergreen; two kinds of flowers: garden and wild; two kinds of birds: big and little; two kinds of weather: good and bad. The infinite changes of the wind will mean nothing to him and the rain only wet. He will not look at the sky or consider the stars. Nature will be a word used of scenery in the movies.

Instead of the deep influences of natural environment which have shaped men from the beginning of time, he will have a manufactured background, artificial but as potent as the old. His life will move to a rhythm of quick sounds and broken noises, his eye will be accustomed to the rectangles and straight lines of man's fabrication, his intelligence will be constantly polishing its angles against the facets of other men. The motives of earlier civilizations: food and its making, shelter and its making, safety from hardship and violence, will be at one or two removes from his own experience and hence his mind will be free to sophisticate upon profit. This will be his obsession, for in a cockney world profit can be immediately spent in comfort or pleasure not otherwise to be secured, and not even cockneys can live happily in cities without constant excitement and the means to purchase it. There is neither pride nor beauty in a tenement, even if it is called an apartment house.

Literature of the older kind will be impossible to the cockney. He cannot make it, and will not understand it. The rich beauty of Warwickshire which suffuses the poetry of Shakespeare comes from a world lost to him. He cannot imagine Milton's Eden, and he is empty of those memories of rural beauty without which Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats (absurdly called cockney), Browning, Tennyson, are inconceivable. The unbroken impulse from the first atomic stir through crescent nature to the poet's mind stops short of him. He can communicate with nature only through a machine. Hence, being man and having carried his creative mind and need for beauty into the streets, he will make a new literature for himself, of which fragments are already appearing, nervous, intelligent, dynamic, racked often by feverish rhythms, shaken into rapid scenes, sharp paragraphs, quick impressions, always a moving picture even when most philosophical. His cockney ideas will be standardized and broadcast as quick as conceived. Every year will see its new style because there will be infinite stimulus and little time for reflection in the cockney environment. Art, religion, literature, will be quickly assembled, often tinkered with, quickly scrapped, not like the peach, the turf plot, or the pine tree, slowly developed, slowly and fully matured. It will be a civilization capable of everything but peace. Wisdom it may get, but rest and contentment it will never know.

Are we all to be cockneys then?—in America especially, which leads the way towards cockneydom as she leads in all the processes of the industrial revolution—leads, indeed, through such rapid changes that the airplanizing of the country in the next decade may complete what motorizing has so clearly begun?

Impossible! Some of us will never be cockneyed. It is harder to domesticate a wild animal or change a species than to industrialize some kinds of men and women. Even the most artificial of modern races—the American—takes to the woods, mountains, or shore in increasing numbers, for increasing periods of time, every year. The aristocratic habit of travel or *villegiatura* has been adopted by a vast bourgeoisie who otherwise might be forced wholesale into cockneydom.

There is no real danger, therefore, that the vital contact of men with the soil will go unrepresented in literature, although it may degenerate into a bobble o' green fields. Modern cities may not produce Hardys and Wordsworths. How can they, and why should they? But the country will and must, our own country when it is known and felt as Thoreau perceived New England, or Miss Sackville-West the English land.

Nevertheless, we Americans sit on the fence.

(*Continued on page* 131)

Prayer

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

LORD—great Leviathan—
Whale of the infinite
Ocean—have mercy on
My minnow and me.

Thy noble maw, Lord,
Gapes always ravenous
For the small fishes—
My minnow and me.

Churning the universe
With thy great foam-flakes,
Why shouldst thou harry
My minnow and me?

Swim on in glory, Lord.
But when thou turnest,
Thou yet shalt choke on
My minnow and me.

This Week

Sassoon's Poems. Reviewed by *Edward Davison.*

"The Grandmothers." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

"Slag." Reviewed by *Robert B. Macdougall.*

"The War on Modern Science." Reviewed by *C. K. Ogden.*

"Carlyle at His Zenith." Reviewed by *Gerald Carson.*

"The Art of History." Reviewed by *Arthur W. Colton.*

"American Criticism." Reviewed by *C. Hartley Grattan.*

Life and Letters of Chekhov. Reviewed by *Pitirim Sorokin.*

Bowling Green. By *Osbert Sitwell.*

Next Week, or Later

With the issue of October 1 the *Saturday Review of Literature* will begin, under the editorship of Edward Davison, a weekly literary competition, with prizes, and a challenge to readers and writers.

Sherwood Anderson

By CLEVELAND CHASE

OF the three important writers of fiction the recent period of American introspection has produced, Sherwood Anderson is the only non-journalist. Sinclair Lewis has set down in a sadly incomplete Doomsday Book some of the phenomena to be found within our borders; he has monotonously described the usual movements and actions of some of our compatriots; he has said nothing pertinent or valid about the people themselves. Dreiser has labored and out of the mountain of his humorless journalism has come forth a mouse, but the mouse is alive and worth attention for that reason, if for no other.

Sherwood Anderson is something of an anomaly. He is at once more progressive and more reactionary than his contemporaries. He has been daring in his attempts to get to the basic facts about people. He has tried to explore deeper into human emotions and reactions than almost any other living American writer. He has tried to seize upon the important, significant moments in the dull and drab lives that go on about him. In his search for the until recently disguised facts about modern life, and in his statement of human problems he stands shoulder to shoulder with the best of his contemporaries the world over. But if he has attempted much, he has often failed. In his disposal of these facts and in his interpretation of these problems he often goes as far off the track as did the writers of the old Pollyanna school. His work contains more sentimental alloy than that of any other "serious" modern writer. More than any of them he has fallen back upon the trick of his Puritan predecessors, of denying the present and escaping into a fictitious world underived from reality.

* * *

At the bottom of Anderson's shortcomings as a writer is a deep confusion as to the function of the imagination in creative writing. In the essay, "A Note on Realism," in his "Notebook," he discusses this point:

> And here arises a confusion. For some reason—I myself never exactly understood very clearly—the imagination must constantly feed upon reality or starve. Separate yourself too much from life and you may at moments be a lyrical poet, but you are not an artist. Something within dries up, starves for want of food. Upon the fact in nature the imagination must constantly feed in order that the imaginative life remain significant. The workman who lets his imagination drift off into some experience altogether disconnected with reality, the attempt of the American to depict life in Europe, the New Englander writing of cowboy life—all that sort of thing—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred ends in the work of such a man becoming at once full of holes and bad spots. The intelligent reader, tricked often enough by the technical skill displayed in hiding the holes, never in the end accepts it as good work. The imagination of the workman has become confused. He has to depend altogether upon tricks. The whole job is a fake.

Anderson has stated the case sufficiently clearly. "Art is art. It is not life." Neither is it imagination of the type displayed by the New Englander describing cowboys—and neither is it imagination of the type displayed by Anderson when he sentimentally remakes the world according to his own measurements. Anderson writing about women, Anderson writing about most sexual phenomena, Anderson writing about philosophies of life, Anderson writing about Beauty, Truth, Purity, and other abstractions is in the same category with the New Englander writing about cowboys. They are both projecting qualities that they miss in life into something they know little about.

Anderson realizes the danger of writing from a

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notebook, but he fails to realize that similar faults may spring out of writing from an undisciplined imagination. The important creative imaginations have always been interpretative, they have allowed their possessors to get under the surface, to understand life as it is. Thus in this broader sense all valid writing is realistic, whether the approach of the individual writer be allegorical, lyrical, symbolic, or whether it be through the more limited realism of a Zola. Distorting life, reconstructing it as a writer thinks it should be, writing with any view in mind except that of interpreting what is and what has always been, is, despite popular misconceptions, not to write with imagination but without it. In "Winesburg, Ohio," and for brief moments in some of his other books, Anderson shows that he possesses this interpretive imagination. But most of his work is the product of that lower order of imagination that must remake the world in accordance with its own limitations. He has never needed to be "saved from realism." He needs to be saved from a cheap, soft sentimentality that distorts and castrates almost everything he writes.

Everyone familiar with Anderson's voluminous autobiographic accounts knows that he turned to writing as a refuge from "the tangle of things of daily life." Having established that refuge he retreated into it and barricaded himself there. He reenacts that retreat in almost every book he has written. He writes to escape from life and, as a rule, life escapes from his writing. Many of his imaginings are of the quality of that of the poor clerk who sees in the newspapers a picture of a royal ceremony and then sits down and dreams the whole thing out with himself in the principal rôle; of the street urchin pretending to himself that he is Babe Ruth clearing the bases before a frenzied crowd. It is sometimes amusing to see how seriously he does it, how vividly he lives through the experience, but day-dreaming of that sort isn't very impressive when it is passed off as creative writing. It is a softness, a sentimentality, an inability or unwillingness to face things that keeps Anderson from being the great writer he so often shows the promise of becoming.

* * *

Allied to this day-dreaming habit is another and equally serious defect. Anderson insists upon attempting to make his characters work out a philosophy of life for him. His experiences in early life convinced him of the fallacy of the "dollar ideal," in which he had believed for a time. Since then he has had no real philosophy (except a vague belief in "craftsmanship"), but he is constantly agitated by a suspicion that life has a meaning that has been concealed from him. He is baffled and worried about idealism, sex, beauty, truth, love, he tortures himself trying to discover what it is that man should get out of life. "I am a lover," he wails, "and I have not found my thing to love. . . . I am a confused child in a confused world." That in itself is a rather serious defect in a writer; frustrated lovers and confused children don't often see life in a wholly illuminating manner.

Anderson is quite likely to aggravate this defect by emphasizing it; he can't seem to leave it alone. If he conceives a character that seems to have life and individuality, he is quite likely to put to it at once these problems that baffle him so—and naturally the characters end up in as much of a fog as he himself is in. Unfortunately in the process of trying to solve these problems, the characters cease to be characters and become confused and not very interesting ideas.

* * *

In considering Anderson's style it is necessary to note first a legend that has grown up about him and that he himself has done a great deal to spread. It is the picture of a dynamic man who sees all, feels all, and understands all but is kept from telling what he knows by his insuperable inarticulateness. It is the picture of a clumsy, uneducated man groping for words with which to express himself. The image is highly fallacious. Few American writers have had the sheer virtuosity, the fluency, the control over words that Anderson possesses. He can put words together so well that he can say nothing for pages on end and still entice on even a reluctant reader. He has his medium in such complete control that it is not difficult to be unconscious of his mastery of it. His air of simplicity and ingenuousness, the apparent rambling, the way in which he appears to be haphazardly setting down ideas as they come into his mind in an attempt to discover their meaning, his groping, his artlessness, his naïveté—these are but tricks of the story-teller's trade to earn our sympathy for the story which he unfolds graphically and without confusion. To be sure, that groping naïveté betokens a certain self-consciousness on the part of the author, but such self-consciousness is an integral part of Anderson, and rarely does it become obtrusive.

When Anderson has something to say he says it, and says it effectively. What he is groping so painfully for is for something to say. Despite his varied experience in early life, the number of things about which he writes is strictly limited. Most of the important events in his own life he has described from three to half a dozen times. Anderson has devoted himself to writing as people of old devoted themselves to the crafts. He has learned every trick of the story-teller's trade. Writing has given him a refuge from "the tangle of things of daily life;" it has provided him with an extensive outlet for his restless and dramatic imagination and a chance to practice the craftsmanship he has come to think of as the only road to personal satisfaction. But, and perhaps in this lies Anderson's great tragedy, he lacks the raw material with which to pursue his craft. He must skimp and be niggardly. Having constructed, he must tear down and reuse the material. The paucity of his material is not so noticeable in the limited space of a short story; in a novel it becomes striking. And when, thus handicapped, he holds religiously to the production of at least one volume each year, his failing becomes somewhat a matter for public concern.

* * *

Roughly, the subjects about which Anderson writes may be grouped as follows: He romantically rewrites his life as it was or as it would have been pleasant had it been. He day-dreams on paper and tells himself fairy stories about "strong men" and "purposeful women" that make one wonder why the movies have never signed him up. He dramatizes stories or thoughts about the warped and deformed unfortunates whom modern life has left in its track. He tries to express the baffledness and mystification that he feels about ideals, sex, and the meaning of life—or else he tries to make some character solve these problems for him. He describes the physical background of contemporary America.

It is only when he is writing about frustration and in a few of his descriptions of the background of modern America that Anderson achieves any manner of success. In other words, of the thirteen books he has so far published, only two, "Winesburg, Ohio" and "Triumph of the Egg," may be considered as definite contributions to American literature. In these two volumes he has been really successful in describing the intricacy and subtlety that exists in the relationship of an individual to his physical environment and to other people. He has studied the means by which this relationship is established, how it is expressed, the use and the insufficiency of words in expressing it, the effect upon the individual of his failure to establish such relationships. In exploring this field Anderson incidentally has shown the loneliness, the essential isolation of all people however far they may or may not have gone toward orienting themselves in life.

It is in no way surprising that Anderson should find his most complete expression in the short story. His very approach to writing leads one to expect it. "I have come," he writes, "to think that the true history of life is but a history of moments. It is only at rare moments that we live." This often reiterated belief of his that only moments of "awareness" are important is much more conducive to the eposodic treatment of the short story than to the cumulative continuity of the novel.

Not only does Anderson look at life from the short story point of view, but this medium tends naturally to restrain and correct what we have seen to be two of the great weaknesses in his writing. In such limited space there is little chance for him to become tangled up in profitless philosophic speculations; and as a result of being forced to concentrate and focus his attention, Anderson forgets somewhat his worries about ultimate values and devotes himself to the definite and factual present, to the great profit of his writing. The short stor[illegible] offers fewer temptations to sentimental d[illegible]aming, which may be indulged in much mo[illegible]asantly in the more leisurely form of the novel. We can but hope that some day he will return to this more congenial medium.

A Quiverful of Satires

SATIRICAL POEMS. By SIEGFRIED SASSOON. New York: The Viking Press. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON

IT seems that the war has shifted Mr. Sassoon's lyrical impulse from the surface to the bottom of his consciousness. In this latest quiverful of satires the prevailing music is harsh though many an undertone reveals that his voice is still capable of sweetness.

> Hosanna in excelsis chants the choir
> In pious contrapuntal jubilee.
> Hosanna shrill the birds in sunset fire.
> And Benedictus sings my heart to me.

He is that *rara avis*, commonly supposed to be as general today as pugilists and actresses, a contemporary poet—deliberately, unmistakably contemporary. Now, no less than during the war years, Mr. Sassoon soliloquizes critically in situations of which almost any one would suffice to render dumb the great majority of his clever compeers. He comes to us this time from such things as a College Feast Day, a Private View, Evensong at Westminster Abbey, a Stravinsky Concert, or from dinner on Fifth Avenue. His dissatisfactions are related impressionistically in a hard and glinting verse, remarkable among other qualities for its packed precision. How economical are his descriptions.

> Out of the pattering flame reflective street
> Into the Abbey move my adagio feet. . . .
> * * * * * * *
> An oyster-colored atmospheric rumpus
> Beats up to blot the sunken daylight's gildings.
> Against the looming cloud-bank, ivory-pale,
> Stand twenty-storied blocks of office buildings.
> Snatched upward on a gust, lost news-sheets sail
> Forlorn in lone arena of mid-air;
> Flapping like melancholy kites, they scare
> My gaze a note of wildness in the scene.

The versification here and throughout the book is extraordinarily clever, so clever that the least lowering of the poetic pitch tempts the reader to suspect a *tour de force*. Some of these verbal etchings (as in "Observations in Hyde Park") are so precise as to seem overwrought. We are conscious of the poet straining over his lines. He is so anxious to give us the essence of a situation or a scene that he frequently attempts to refine the very quintessence.

But most of Mr. Sassoon's commentary is expansive and warm, often with the dry breath of his characteristic humor, less often, in this particular volume, with an indignant cry, as in "The Case for the Miners."

> "Why should a miner earn six pounds a week?
> Leisure! They'd only spend it in a bar!
> Standard of life. You'll never teach them Greek,
> Or make them more contented than they are!"
> That's how my port-flushed friends discuss the Strike.
> And that's the reason why I shout and splutter.
> And that's the reason why I'd almost like
> To see them hawking matches in the gutter.

(That "never teach them Greek" strikes a false note.) His warmest and, incidentally, most lyrical mood appears in the magnificent "Early Chronology," incomparably the finest poem in this collection. On the whole, however, this is a book of negations, a record of irritation and disgust rather than of indignation. The poet escapes pettiness because he does not hesitate to look askance at himself. There is more than one hint of self-contempt.

> My intellectual feet approach this function
> With tolerance and public school compunction.
> * * * * * * *
> A sallow waiter brings me beans and pork. . . .
> Outside there's fury in the firmament.
> Ice-cream, of course, will follow; and I'm content.
> O Babylon! O Carthage! O New York!

Nothing could be plainer than the *raison d'être* of the satirical verse Mr. Sassoon gave us before 1919. These post-war satires, unlike his previous work in the same kind, serve no great cause and cannot easily be related to any particular attitude or purpose. The war found Mr. Sassoon poetical and left him critical to boot. He is both in the new volume and if the poetry there seems to justify the satire more than the satire justifies the poetry, there is no room for complaint. As the poet himself puts it in "Villa d'Este Gardens"—"I felt like that—and fumbled for my notebook."

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A Family Portrait Gallery

THE GRANDMOTHERS. By GLENWAY WESCOTT. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

WERE the term novel less elastic than it is, this prize-winning narrative, the second fruit of a talent whose first work won pleased and expectant attention, would place upon it a severe strain. Mr. Wescott has undertaken the exploration of a family. A family may be an organic unit; a novel may trail down the generations with it and still be as organic as—say—Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga." But Mr. Wescott's family and his narrative are both centrifugal. His volume, dealing with the Towers through three generations, has no plot and very little coherence; it is a series of disjointed stories, sketches, and characterizations. Leander Tower's history has nothing to do with Jim Tower's history. The history of Ira and Ursula Duff has nothing to do with that of John Craig and Suzanne Orfeo. These are people who, under usual circumstances, might meet in some family reunion, constrainedly shake hands, exchange a few musty common memories, and then take up again the thread of disparate existences. Mr. Wescott has bound the simple stories, the glimpses, the analyses of character, together by a single subjective thread, tenuous yet strong and adequate.

This thread is the consciousness of young Alwyn Tower, in whose physical and spiritual vision all the personages of the family live and move and have their being. Some of them, like his father, his mother, and his Aunt Flora, he knows well. Others he knows less directly but still thoroughly through a wealth of family legends and household comments. Others still are apprehended but faintly; they are dim daguerrotypes in old albums, associated with old mementos and shreds of neighborhood gossip. The earliest Towers came to Wisconsin in the forties, transplanted from York State. A family with aristocratic blood and tastes, searching for a fortune never found, they married with stock of their kind. Some remained near the homestead in the Wisconsin woods; the ramifications of others take the narrator to California in the days of the forty-niners, to Missouri when rent by the Civil War, to New Mexico, to Cuba during the Spanish War, and to Europe. But it is not their material adventures and vicissitudes which interest Alwyn, the story-teller; it is the spiritual secret deep in each life. With an uncanny insight he penetrates to it, wrests it from act and gesture, and flings it, frankly, abruptly, with an appealing poetry of style, before us.

* * *

Some of these episodic studies of character, making brief tales unrelated except as they touch the chord of family feeling in Alwyn, are more vivid than others. The record of Grand-Aunt Nancy Tower's tragic life, for example, has all the immediacy of a detailed case-study by an exceptionally able psychoanalyst. She is a girl of shrinking, delicate nature, artistic perceptions, and careful rearing, who finds the strong attraction of a complete opposite in a coarse, ill-smelling, brawny-fisted stock-dealer, and marries him to become immediately miserable. She leaves him and returns; she vacillates between her duty to her disgusting husband and her desire to escape to cleanliness and peace; and she finally loses her mind, regaining it only when she is safe in a separate home, with delicate feminine occupations, like dressmaking, to busy her. There is the history of the stubborn, high-spirited Evan Tower, who rebelled against home and enlisted in a Spanish-War regiment; rebelled against army life and deserted to an English ship; rebelled against the sea and took to the London streets; and finally was enmeshed by his own high passions and married an Italian girl. There is Grand-Aunt Mary, with the more than masculine courage; the girl who, small, plump, olive-skinned, never flinched before sickness, poverty, Confederate bullets, and the necessity of marriage to a ruffian. Bursts of humor lighten some parts of the book; Grandpa Duff's tall rhetoric and taller stories of past exploits, for example. Strangest of all is the record of the two brothers, Leander and Hilary—Hilary's passionate, jealous love for the elder, their quarrel in a Civil War camp, Hilary's strange disappearance, and the repentant Leander's lifelong devotion to the boy's memory.

Architecturally the book is weak. It has its tiresome passages. Some of the portraits are faded and a little uncertain. We do not remember, and do not in the least care about, the relationship of people who are related only in name. But it has other elements of strength besides recurrent flashes of insight into character. There are few pages which lack some individuality of phrasing, and there are many which possess high distinction of style. The author, with only rare lapses into extravagances, has a splendid faculty for freshness of imagery. He sees, through a little girl's eyes, a fox in the sunlight, "like a dog whose pelt was on fire." Through the eyes of a sleepless woman, he sees "the first rays of the sun, as pale as if they also had watched through the night." He speaks of "a dwarf chrysanthemum sprinkling the air with acrimony;" of a horse eating apples, "a cloud of pleasure in his damp eyes;" of a woman's voice which made the listener "think of a scarlet tanager he had seen fluttering in the fringe of a shower." He says of the children of a couple passionately in love that they "grew up in the fragrant, restless atmosphere as if in the heart of the lightning which cools a midsummer night in Wisconsin." Of a young girl in love he remarks that "she did not require kisses

OSBERT SITWELL
(See page 134)
Photograph by Maurice Beck and Helen MacGregor

to feel a tumult like that of wild bees over their hidden honey." The chapters are sprinkled with fine descriptive bits, like the picture of Wisconsin as it lay before the mystical vision of Alwyn:

> Alwyn would pause on the doorstep. There lay the countryside which, sixty years before, had been his grandmother's wilderness—changed no less than she. Many gravel roads running parallel through the distance, as white as marble; chickens dusting their feathers in them, frightened away by automobiles. Thousands of telephone poles making the sound of a tuning fork. Reapers, cultivators, sowers, hayrakes, tedders and racks, creeping like mechanical spiders over the slopes. Cattle of all colors under the hickories. Sunshine flashing on the tines of pitchforks, on idle ployshares, shovel blades, and the sides of tin pails full of lunch. Sunshine streaming in the orchards over large apples which seemed to revolve in the leaves. Clouds which looked like pieces of pleated linen. Far away, harnessed horses in miniature, and men wearing blue shirts, their arms bare to the biceps; and over their heads the sky full of heat waves gliding and curling. . . .

In its outline and intention, the book comes dangerously near seeming a feat of dexterity, a mechanical effort. It is the ebullient freshness and force of passages like these, the tenderness as well as the keenness of the insight into human motives and ideals and frailties, and the sincerity of the author's reverence for what he calls "ghosts of the little local history, of misunderstood friends and lovers, of the family—a legion of them in straggling procession," which give the uneven, inchoate narrative the inspiration it unquestionably has.

Recently there was discovered in the possession of the Rev. C. H. Steel, of Yorkshire, a hitherto unpublished journal and notebook of Thomas de Quincey, the author of the "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater." The journal was kept by De Quincey in 1803, when he was eighteen years old, and contains the drafts of many letters written by him, including one to Wordsworth soliciting his friendship. Noel Douglas will publish the book in facsimile in England.

The Business of Crime

"SLAG." By JOHN MCINTYRE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

FOURTH-RATE criminals from the lower depths of our immigrant population fill Mr. McIntyre's pages in "Slag." The treatment is not essentially melodramatic or sensational, although each of those adjectives could properly be applied to isolated passages. Rather, Mr. McIntyre sees his characters as terribly pitiful, too stupid to make a success of either vice or virtue, sees them thrust intolerably about by circumstances that their own low-grade intellects make inevitable. Consider them: Mrs. Karsh, a widowed scrub woman and lodging-house keeper, full of resentment against dirt, slops, long hours, hot nights, and her own ill luck; Minnie, her daughter, incompetent shoplifter and half-way sweetheart of a gunman; Cochack, near death from consumption, a cigar-maker and an idealistic radical, buoyed up by the feeble hope that people can somehow be induced to be kind to one another; Groloch, a brute who can only reason with a gun or with his fists; Needle, master of the dice, but himself mastered by cocaine; and other fetid excrement of the social order. All of these have the stamp of truth. Never is there a false note introduced, either of sentimentality or of erroneous documentation.

Chiefly we get a sense of compassion in Mr. McIntyre's treatment of these characters. For the most part they are to be pitied, looked upon with forbearance. Poor, flaccid imitations of men and women, they have never known spiritual health, and if suddenly it came to them it would be fumbled and shattered by their clumsiness. Cochack, more than anyone else in the novel, wrings our heart. He knows he must die soon, yet he whistles up his courage with continual self-hypnotism that he is a man among men. His fight toward the impossible is described in a succession of masterly passages. His plight is the most stirring conception in the novel. We feel contempt for a few of the characters, but for Minnie and Mrs. Karsh, as for Cochack, there is the pity that we might find for a caged animal, tramping in meaningless, self-destructive circles.

"Slag" is never maudlin. It is a vision of slum life with all the ugly vistas in sharp perspective, with no concealment. A strange thing, however, is the lack of emphasis upon sexual motive. Mr. McIntyre would perhaps have us believe that the business of crime relegates sex to a place of comparatively minor interest. These criminals seem possessed by lust to a surprisingly small degree; we should think that animal tendencies would manifest themselves evenly throughout the gamut of vice. The answer probably is that this particular novelist-sociologist is willing to let his animals rut where and how they will. So much he wishes to take for granted. There is, we believe, a slight but definite loss of effectiveness in this asymmetry. But his picture is nevertheless bold and strong, with the illusion of completeness. We sense its vitality, its significance, and, strangely enough, its shy, astounding beauty. Mr. McIntyre writes with such a discriminating economy that the result is power, no matter what the mood or material.

While Brown Brooks Run

(*Continued from page* 129)

We are pulled toward cockneydom and dragged back to nature. With our national tendency to standardize we have felt that American literature should go one way or another, and indecision has held us back from both. Read the critics, and see how they are all for or against cockneydom, never realizing that we must go both ways with all our energy—cockneys to the right, nature men to the left.

The cockneys are ahead in this generation. Their books are more interesting and more novel. Only a woman now and then, like Willa Cather or Elizabeth Roberts, or a symbolist like Eugene O'Neill, springs in advance on the other side. But others must awake into vigor as a Connecticut hillside wakes in the first cool nights of September and at sunrise flames into golden rod, aster, and gentian. While brown brooks run and sumach fires in fall, while pastures glimmer on mountain slopes, while thrushes sing and balsam scents, and meadows sparkle in May, there will be some who will never yield to rattle and roar and bang, smoke and grease and asphalt, taut nerves and racing brains. Every street must have two ends, and one in the country.

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The Dark Age Begins Anew

THE WAR ON MODERN SCIENCE. A Short History of the Fundamentalist Attacks on Evolution and Modernism. By MAYNARD SHIPLEY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by C. K. OGDEN

THAT man was closely related to the more intelligent higher apes seemed to our grandfathers a novel if not an altogether flattering idea. The precise proximity of the relationship remained in doubt, the mechanism of ascent was questioned, but with a new and personal interest in their hypothetical ancestors scientists were able to accumulate a vast body of evidence gratifying both to ape and man. In fact with the publication of the researches of Kohts, Köhler, and Yerkes, and visual evidence of "Chang," the Scandinavian might be called (*scando* I climb, *avus* ancestor) was in danger of appealing to the heart of the people with hardly less force than Colonel Lindbergh himself, in whom the *avus* and the *avis* somehow get mixed.

Meanwhile, however, the Christians remained unappeased, and Mr. Maynard Shipley, President of the Science League of America, reveals the exact height of their dudgeon. He carries the story of Fundamentalist initiative to the beginning of the present year in the hope of persuading what is envisaged by publishers as "the intelligent reading public" that it lives in two opposing cultures, that we may be heading for a new Dark Age, but that even in death, if Mr. Washburn and Mr. Ford decree that they die, scientists are not divided. On this latter point he quotes the 1925 resolution of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, drawn up by Conklin, Davenport, and Osborn, to the effect that "any legislation attempting to limit the teaching of any scientific doctrine so well established and so widely accepted as the doctrine of evolution would be a profound mistake."

* * *

But to what end? It is now very nearly established,—indeed, we have it on the authority of Professor David Starr Jordan cited at page 392 of the present work,—that Bryan did not read bound books. And even Roxy, who daily in his Cathedral edifies a public greater, probably, than the total circulation of any book reviewed in this issue, vocally addresses millions, stated at the Booksellers' Convention in New York this very spring that he had not read a book for five years. Those who write and read books are a negligible factor in the world of business and of pleasure, and also in the world with which Mr. Shipley is chiefly concerned, that of politics.

Even so, there is no reason why scientists should cut their own throats. Some twenty years ago the late Professor William Bateson (who differed from certain Darwinians as to the phylogenetic technique by which the giraffe got its long neck) was in the habit of saying that in two decades' time the work of Darwin would be regarded as of no significance whatever. His addresses in Canada gave great comfort to Mr. Bryan; yet when the present reviewer pointed this out to him in 1917 he was genuinely unaware of the effect of his unguarded utterances. Expostulation prevailed, and in the 1926 "Encyclopædia Britannica" will be found his last word: "It should be stated explicitly," he says, "that the lines of argument converging to support the theory of common origin are so forcible and so many that no alternative can be entertained. The geological record is conclusive." And again: "Common descent, though rarely a proposition demonstrable in any detail, ranks as an axiom."

* * *

Fundamentalism might be relied upon not to claim Professor Bateson as an ally after such a pronouncement were it not for the more recent case of Professor Osborn. The latter had only to air his derogatory view that the animal ancestors of man were not the intelligent apes we were learning to understand and respect but some very much lower and possibly hairier creature, and he was promptly hailed as a deliverer and a prophet.

To return to the Washburn-Ford possibilities. The Chief Fundamentalist organization, "The Supreme Kingdom," was developed in conference with Bryan by Roscoe Carpenter, of Indianapolis, who in 1926 reported that he had been "in close contact with Henry Ford, who is also opposed to the teaching of evolution." And who is Mr. Washburn? He is head of "The Washburn Interests," which have a capitalization of $2,000,000, with offices in Boston, New York, and Clearwater. He declares that he would "rather be known as founder of the Bible Crusaders than be President of these United States." Mr. Washburn has said "We have forces enough and are strong enough, if united, to overwhelm the enemy. We must unite to win." The Supreme Kingdom tends to appeal to those who delight in secret societies; Mr. Washburn works out in the open. It is true that Anti-evolution laws have just been defeated in six States,—Oklahoma, West Virginia, Arkansas, Missouri, New Hampshire, and Minnesota. But in Tennessee and Mississippi the teaching of evolution in public educational institutions is illegal. In Florida, Louisiana, Texas, and Kentucky, all references to evolution have been deleted from the State's textbooks. Elsewhere teachers have lost their positions or have been intimidated, and Mr. Shipley thinks that though Pennsylvania and Michigan are fairly safe, Kentucky, Texas, and North Carolina are again in great peril even on the major issue.

Is America, then, behind the rest of the world? We are reminded that in Bootle, England, a town much larger than Dayton, no teacher dared defy an Inquisition similar to that which made the name of Scopes almost as famous as that of Stopes. No wonder Mr. Frank R. Kent came to the conclusion, after a trip from coast to coast, that America is "at the start of another such fight as we had over Prohibition." No wonder Mr. Katterfeld decided to launch a journal called *Evolution* from Fifth Avenue this year. No wonder Mr. Shipley threatens us with a new Dark Age, "unless," in the words of John Emerson Roberts, "those who are free get into the fight and help defend the freedom that has been won for them." At least he has thereby done part of his bit.

A Live Prophet?

CARLYLE AT HIS ZENITH (1848-53). By DAVID ALEC WILSON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927. $5.

THOMAS CARLYLE. By MARY AGNES HAMILTON. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1927.

Reviewed by GERALD CARSON

EACH year since 1923 another volume in D. A. Wilson's life of Carlyle has appeared and ranged itself gravely with its fellows. Now four in number, these books await two more additions before the work, worthy in scope and minuteness to associate with Boswell's Johnson or the Buckle-Monypenny Disraeli or the Lockhart Scott, comes to its termination.

With the French Revolution and his Cromwell behind him, and Mrs. Welsh's property in hand, Carlyle comes on the stage again—it is now 1848—in fine fettle, very brusk, whimsical, stalking through society and rather enjoying, as Dr. Johnson did, the sport which offers when the weak and inoffensive put themselves in a position to be annihilated.

Nor were great names, both living and dead, neglected when the master felt his audience worthy of a harangue. Within a few pages Carlyle pours contumely and scorn upon Wordsworth, Petrarch, Trollope, Jane Austen, Bulwer-Lytton, Goldsmith, Keats; and Mr. Wilson, too, riding after like a Scottish fury, enjoys the slaughter of reputations immensely, and cuts and slashes bravely among the Victorian infantry. It is all very lively and exhilarating and tart with the real flavor of personality.

Carlyle was now famous and enjoyed the privilege, which he frequently exercised, of silencing any other dinner guest in London. That must be why Mr. Wilson titled this volume "Carlyle at his Zenith" for his production during the period treated here—the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," the "John Sterling," and the beginning of "Frederick"—certainly does not represent his most influential work. During these years, too, Carlyle was much occupied with newspaper articles on political subjects, admonishing his fellow countrymen, and reading the *Acta Sanctorum*, where he said he found much English history.

One of the many classifications into which people may be arbitrarily resolved is this one; those who take life easy, and those who take it hard. Carlyle took it hard. Mr. Wilson, true to the spirit of his original, does not make biography too easy. His method which is to proceed through the use of hundreds of short flashes toward a complete Carlyle, needs increasingly the services of a continuity man to keep one straight and give the work some thread of narrative.

The only thing to do with Wilson is to get a compass and strike out, intending to live upon the country. This book, like its fellows, is very dense and the trail is poorly marked. But everybody who ever came into Carlyle's life gets into Mr. Wilson's pages, and we are indebted to him for collecting many vivid contemporary accounts of the great nineteenth century prophet both in monologue and in his rare moments of repose.

* * *

As time goes on it is natural that we should get more of Mr. Wilson himself. In that we gain only moderately. He has his own complete set of prejudices which never lack nourishment. He says obviously unfair things of Emerson. His disparagement of Mrs. Carlyle, long established, is still unextinguished. He speaks jauntily of Sterling's religious and intellectual life as "political measles" and "religious mumps." And throughout his chapters, like a silver thread, runs a petulant nagging at all the orthodox forms of Christian belief which annoy him as they could only annoy an old Victorian skeptic of the hard-shell type. But for the reader who does not mind occasional choler in his biographer, when it is joined with deep sympathy for the subject and with immense erudition, and for the reader capable of composing Mr. Wilson's splashy palette-knife effects into the true picture, this biography will be stimulating and diverting. It will long remain an impressive monument to Thomas Carlyle and the Victorian England against which he stormed and raged.

The intention and accomplishment of Mary Agnes Hamilton is wholly different from that of D. A. Wilson. Knowing well that Carlyle now belongs almost wholly to the "survey" courses in English Literature and to the historical student in the seminars, she meets the issue squarely; why, today, should Carlyle be read? and answers with two reasons, "First, as he himself put it, 'Great men, taken up in any way, are profitable company,' and he is as great a man as any his country has produced, with a personality of beautiful and arresting definiteness of outline. Second, his work, admittedly literature, contains stuff of much interest and import for us; more, indeed, for us, even than for the generation to whom it was addressed."

* * *

To extend the offensive position Mrs. Hamilton has indicated, Carlyle is near the mind of today because he was concerned with our twentieth century problems. We are in a muddle over the important issues of life—religion, politics, personal relations—and Carlyle's books, informed with positive spirit, afford answers pertinent and true, expressed in a speech whose broken rhythms are "nearer to ours than to that of the mid-Victorian."

Here is the theme and purpose, clearly announced. It is an excellent 202 pages, written with verve and a bracing intellectual enthusiasm, filled with some of Carlyle's own ardor, filled with a fine sense of the larger human motives, with "romance and passion, the color of blood and tears." If Mrs. Hamilton can hitch modern readers up to Carlyle again, and recreate his personality in the memory of a generation which knows not David, here, be assured, is the sort of writing to do it.

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Conflicting Methods

THE ART OF HISTORY, a Study of Four Great Historians of the Eighteenth Century. By J. B. BLACK. New York: F. S. Crofts & Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON.

THERE seem to be two insurgent movements current now among historians. One of them represented by Messrs. Beard, Turner, James Harvey Robinson, and of course many others, is perhaps in a fair way to win the field, perhaps might be called "sociological history," or perhaps that is not the proper phrase. At any rate it is insurgent against the theory that history is nothing but past politics and the doings of conspicuous persons. Professor Beard looks to economics for the sources of the Constitution as well as of the subsequent growth of democracy. The most important work on Roman history to appear within recent months is, I suppose, Professor Rostovtzeff's "Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire." To Professor Turner the great protagonists of American history are not Washington and Lincoln but the Continent and the Frontier. To Professor Robinson history, in the larger sense, is "the vague and comprehensive science of past human affairs;" but for all general histories, or for general readers (especially for school text books and popular compendiums) one must select; his quarrel with the old or conventional history is that it selects the wrong thing and leaves out the really vital and significant. It gives too much attention to military matters and the trifling details of dynasties. "Man is more than a warrior or subject or princely ruler; the state is by no means his sole interest." Moreover it is sensational; it selects only the extraordinary episodes and prodigious occurrences, the picturesque and the lurid; it omits the normal.

The other movement is a protest against the doctrine that the whole duty of the historian is to dig up facts. Without minimizing the value of original documents, or the work done by the reigning school of historical research, or subscribing altogether to such doctrines as that "history is philosophy teaching by example," this protest would maintain that—whether history can in any proper sense be called a science or not—the writing of history is an art, and the better rather than the worse for having a purpose and a point of view.

The American Historical Association some time since appointed a committee to report on the question why history, which was once almost the favorite reading of educated men, has ceased to be so; and a small volume has lately appeared entitled "the Writing of History," containing essays on the question by members of that Committee, namely, Messrs. Jusserand, Abbott, Colby, and Bassett, the burden of which is that it is because history is no longer (or seldom), but ought to be (at least some of it), written as literature. Professor Black, in the volume before us answers the question, rather more substantially, to the same general effect. Research is not the whole thing. When a historian appears who can write with as much power and form as Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, or Macaulay, he will be read.

The query that arises here is whether these two insurgent doctrines are not likely sometime to clash with each other. Professor Robinson maintains that institutions can be made interesting, and of course they can be. To many readers they are in themselves. But one may doubt whether they are naturally, to most readers, as interesting as persons; whether Professor Robinson's proposal to discard the picturesque and prodigious in favor of the normal is not likely to make history less read rather than more; whether the man who wants history to be a literature or an art, and the man who wants it to deal with economics, mass movements, and the shift of custom—whether these two can agree with one another any better than with the predecessors against whose methods each has respectively rebelled. It is true that one school criticizes the substance of history as it has been selected, and the other the form as it has been written. Still it would be safer to hope for harmony than to prophesy it.

Professor Black reviews the work of Voltaire, Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. He notes the surprising accuracy of Voltaire, the erudition behind that flickering and flashing pen; how the bias of Hume grew out of his philosophy; how the theory of the unchangeable uniformity of human nature makes interpretations of character inadequate, makes history a repeating decimal, and vitiates both Hume's and Voltaire's conception of the past. Robertson has

> none of Voltaire's brilliance, or Hume's philosophic depth, or Gibbon's incisive learning; he is often ponderous, prolix, and sententious. His purity of diction is incontestable and its very sobriety imparts dignity—but the impression he creates depends primarily on his accuracy and general truthfulness.

Professor Black is no panegyrist of these eighteenth century historians. He is severely critical of Hume, and points to the flaws of even Gibbon's magnificent style. But he has in some sense exemplified, as well as advised, that history may be well written as well as well founded, by these studies of four men, who, writing history better than it had been written for fifteen years and better than it has usually been written since, enjoyed a kind of vogue to which modern historians are not accustomed.

Aspects of Criticism

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN CRITICISM. Selected and Arranged by JAMES CLOYD BOWMAN. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1927.

CURRENT REVIEWS. Edited by LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH. The same.

Reviewed by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

PROFESSOR BOWMAN finds that there are five aspects of critical attitude about which there is considerable controversy in the United States at present. They are: "disagreement over the place of nationality and tradition," the purpose of criticism, the moral aspect of literature, the exact meaning of realism, and the matter of beauty of form. About these five points most of the essays collected in this anthology revolve. All of the essays are familiar, but it is significant that reading the volume is not a task, for all of the points really live.

Of course no one will ever formulate a universally acceptable solution to any of these problems. Indeed, one of the things that makes criticism interesting is the fact that almost any well-reasoned position is defensible. There are minds that cannot admit this patent fact, and they are the minds that ardently defend one particular position, and denigrate all others. This leads to some wonderfully interesting writing, but I doubt that it advances the writers' causes very much, or hinders the other fellow's. Criticism, perhaps fortunately, is not an exact science. I often wonder whether I am right in thinking that nine-tenths of the consuming interest the active mind has in criticism would not evaporate if literature became as exact as, say, mathematics.

To be sure the sciences are going to contribute much to the development of a relatively more scientific literary criticism, and in this movement the writings of I. A. Richards are of prime importance. As I understand it, too, one of the prime interests of M. Paul Valéry is to investigate the possibilities of a science of literature, a development of his interest in the science of mind. If criticism does become an exact science it will come through its absorption by psychology and sociology.

Even so the science of criticism would not encompass the whole field of criticism. At best it will be able only to deal with such problems as the genesis of art, the psychology of the artistic personality, the mechanism of expression, the emotional value of words and phrases (investigated in Richard's "Meaning of Meaning"), and related topics. There would still remain the whole question of one's attitude toward life. And on philosophy or *weltanschauung*, there is little prospect of universal agreement. The dominant critics of the day, for instance, are preaching the necessity for release. They want expression; they identify repression with disease. But the older critics combat that very thing and we find Irving Babbitt saying flatly that "civilization, at bottom, rests on the recognition of the fact that man shows his true liberty by resisting impulse, and not by yielding to it, that he grows in the perfection proper to his own nature not by throwing off but by taking on limitations."

This is very pleasant and reass for even if all the rest of the world is reduc mechanism by science there will still be a chance to beguile one's mind with perhaps futile and irrelevant but nevertheless entertaining speculation. Only of course it gives one cause to remember that even one's attitude will eventually be explained in terms of hormones, or unconscious mind, or something. There will be no escaping science. The world will be thoroughly comprehended — and dull. Nevertheless my allegiance to science does not waver.

But if criticism falls victim to the dead hand of exact mechanistic science there is no danger that book reviewing will. Book reviewers as creatures of whimsy and perversity will hold out longer than the critics. I mean by and large. To be sure a pioneering writer is apt to get good book reviews long before he wins to the position of having a good critical essay written about him. But book reviewers are not ordinarily very learned writers. Book reviews are pretty much trash.

If proof be needed turn to Professor Smith's "Current Reviews." It is a dismal and disappointing book. A good many important writers are represented in the volume, but still book reviewing is obviously not in the best of hands. I don't think there is one important and interesting review in the collection that was not written by a man better known in some other field. A professional book reviewer is nine times out of ten a hack.

It is just that circumstance that makes book reviewing so depressing. Comment on a book is only interesting when the man who wrote the comment is interesting, and who ever heard of an interesting hack? In these days one could write book reviews for twenty years and at the end of that time, be in a worse condition, intellectually, than when one started. And most book reviewers who remain at the occupation don't start with much.

Book reviewing is usually done hurriedly and consequently superficially. Journalists are peculiarly adapted to it. Critics are not. When the two types meet in one personality we get some interesting results. When the man behind the review is interesting, so is the review. Too often there is no man behind the review.

How to Write Short Stories

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF ANTON TCHEKHOV. Translated and edited by S. S. KOTELIANSKY and PHILIP TOMLINSON. New York: George H. Doran. 1927.

THE LETTERS OF ANTON TCHEKHOV TO OLGA L. KNIPPER. Translated from the Russian by CONSTANCE GARNETT. The same.

ANTON TCHEKHOV: Literary and Theatrical Reminiscences. Translated and edited by S. S. KOTELIANSKY. The same.

Reviewed by PITIRIM A. SOROKIN

University of Minnesota

THESE three volumes portray Chekhov as a man, as a writer, as a thinker, and as a citizen. "Ah, what a beautiful, magnificent man; modest and quite like a girl! And he walks like a girl. He is simply wonderful!" These words of Leo Tolstoy about Chekhov grasp the essential characteristics of Chekhov as a man. Honest with himself and other men; modest and bashful, like a girl; human in the best sense of the word; free from any hypocrisy, with a wonderfully balanced integrity of personality, Chekhov represents the best type of the Russian intelligentsia or the Educated Men, as he himself styles the group of the real intellectuals (see his remarkable letter "Who Are the Educated Men and What Are Their Characteristics?"). Chekhov's letters and the reminiscences of him by Tolstoy, Bunin, Kuprin, Gorky, Andreyiev, Stanislavsky, and others, given in these volumes, unanimously stress these traits of Chekhov's personality and depict to us a genuine intellectual at his very best.

To the understanding of Chekhov as a writer his letters are an indispensable source. They better than any critical essay about him show the technique, the purposes, the characteristics, and the nature of his writing. Many of the letters can properly be styled the best essays in "How to Write a Short Story." Chekhov is a realist *par excellence*. Being such, he is an objectivist to such a degree that I am tempted to style him one of the most prominent representatives of a genuine behaviorism in literature and story writing. As to the technique

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of Chekhov's writing, there is no need to repeat that it is perfect. He says himself:

Any story will be a work of art only on the following conditions: (1) Absence of long word eruptions of a politico-socio-economic character; (2) thorough objectivity; (3) truthfulness in descriptions of characters and objects; (4) a twofold conciseness; (5) courage and originality (avoid *clichés*); (6) sincerity. In my opinion descriptions of Nature should be very brief. Commonplaces like: "The setting sun, bathing in the waves of the darkening sea, flooded with purple and gold," etc. . . . "The swallows, flying over the surface of the water, chirped merrily"—such commonplaces should be done away with. In descriptions of Nature one has to snatch at small details, grouping them in such a manner that after reading them one can obtain the picture on closing one's eyes. For instance, you will get a moonlight night if you write that on the dam of the mill a fragment of broken bottle flashed like a small bright star, and there rolled by, like a ball, the black shadow of dog, or a wolf, and so on. The same, too, in the sphere of psychology. God defend you from generalizations! Best of all, avoid describing the psychological state of the characters: one should contrive that this is clear from their actions. . . . Continuous day and night labor is needed, constant reading, study, will. Don't give your hands liberty when your brain is lazy. Write a story, shorten it, polish it. Work should be work. Don't invent sufferings you have not experienced, and don't paint pictures you have not seen—for a lie in a story is much more boring than a lie in conversation. Respect your talent.

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The same behavioristic objectivity of Chekhov explains why his stories are free from any sermonizing and moralizing. "You scold me for my objectivity, calling it indifference to good and evil, lack of ideals and ideas, and so on," he writes to Souvorin. "When I describe horse-thieves, you would have me say: 'stealing horses is evil.' But that has been known long since. Let the jury judge them; my business is simply to show what they are like . . . An artist must not be the judge of his characters or of what they say, but only an impartial witness. He must be as objective as a chemist."

This, however, does not mean that a short story must be a court or police protocol which minutely describes an event or incident, in all its realistic details. The difference between such a protocol and an artistic masterpiece consists in that the masterpiece is a piece of *a concentrated reality* in which all the irrelevant details are omitted while those which are mentioned give a concentrated picture of the life itself. This explains Chekhov's insistence that a story must be "compact," that not a single word in it is to be mentioned without an inner necessity. "Everything that has no direct relation to the story must be ruthlessly thrown away. If in the first chapter you say that a gun hung on the wall, in the second or third chapter it must without fail be discharged." The same is well stressed by Chekhov in his answer to the question what he would do, if he became rich: "I would write the tiniest possible stories." Such was this answer.

Hence the character of Chekhov's technique of writing and of his stories. Each of them is a compact drama or tragedy or comedy depicted on some four or five pages. Tolstoy rightly said: "He is a strange writer; he throws words about as though at random, and yet everything in his writings is alive. And what great understanding! He never has any superfluous details, every one of them is essential or beautiful."

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"The Life and Letters of Anton Tchekhav" contains three hundred letters selected out of 1,822 Chekhov letters published in the six-volume Russian edition. The selection is somewhat subjective, but all in all is satisfactory. "The Letters of Anton Tchekhov to Olga Knipper" contains his letters to his wife. Valuable for an investigator of Chekhov's personality, they give much less to a general reader than "The Life and Letters of A. Tchekhov." The third volume contains a very good selection of the essays on, and reminiscences of Chekhov by his best literary and theatrical friends, like Leo Tolstoy, I. Bunin, Kuprin, Andreyiev, Gorky, Stanislasky, Nemirovich-Danchenko, and others. The statement of the publisher that it contains "fascinating material hitherto unpublished" is true only insofar as English publication is concerned. In Russian the whole material has, of course, been published.

The Goethe Prize of 10,000 marks founded by the Common Council of the poet's native city, was presented for the first time recently in the presence of a number of invited guests to a Berlin poet, Steppan George.

The Bowling Green

In Mr. Morley's absence, general contributions will be run in his column.

MR. AND MRS. GOODBEARE

(Elegy for Mr. Goodbeare)

DO you remember Mr. Goodbeare, the carpenter,
Godfearing and bearded Mr. Goodbeare,
Who worked all day
At his carpenter's tray,
Do you remember Mr. Goodbeare?
Mr. Goodbeare, that Golconda of gleaming fable,
Lived, thin ground between orchard and stable,
Pressed thus close against Alfred, his rival,
—Mr. Goodbeare, who had never been away.

Do you remember Mr. Goodbeare,
Mr. Goodbeare who never touched a cup?
Do you remember Mr. Goodbeare
Who remembered a lot?
Mr. Goodbeare could remember
When things were properly kept up:
Mr. Goodbeare could remember
The christening and the coming-of-age:
Mr. Goodbeare could remember
The entire and roasted ox:
Mr. Goodbeare could remember
When the horses filled the stable,
And port-wine colored gentry rode after the tawny fox:
Mr. Goodbeare could remember
The old lady in her eagle-rage,
Which knew no bounds:
Mr. Goodbeare could remember
When the escaped and hungering tiger
Burnt bright in Foxton Wood
When old Sir Nigel took his red-tongued clamoring hounds,
And hunted it then and there,
As a Gentleman should.
Do you remember Mr. Goodbeare,
Mr. Goodbeare who never forgot:
Do you remember Mr. Goodbeare,
That wrinkled and golden apricot,
Dear, bearded, godfearing Mr. Goodbeare
Who remembered remembering such a lot?
Oh, do you remember, do you remember,
As *I* remember and deplore,
That day in far away December
When dear, godfearing, bearded Mr. Goodbeare
Could remember
No more?

A Talk with Mr. Goodbeare

Mr. Goodbeare
Was constantly being put in mind of things;
Anything would suggest anything to him,
In the manner of modern poetry.

Mr. Goodbeare was attached
To every kind of saw,
Verbal or material,
Was fond of all proverbs and the Bible.

Far be it for me
As the Book has it
Mr. Goodbeare would say
To cast the First Stone,
But those who live in Glass 'Ouses
—'Ot 'Ouses, I might say—
Should not throw stones.
(*Chorus*)
(Break no bones.
Makes no bones.
While if the Oak comes out before the Ash
There's going to be a Splash).
In the old days,
good old days,
real old days,
When everyone knew exactly what he had to do,
When a man knew his business,
And the place was kept-up,
When everyone knew his own job,
And No-One
Presumed,
Then, I may say
The Gardener
Was only too pleased to look-in
And have a talk:
But now,

What with Goings-on-in-the 'Ot-'Ouses,
I had better *not* say
What I know.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodbeare

Mr. Goodbeare's cottage was a paradise
Of polished wood and joinery,
A Heaven of varnish,
There were brackets, shelves, shields
And cupboards, with ferns traced on them
By his artistry,
And even wooden vases, turned
So beautifully, and full of dried, dull grasses
Tied with dusty ribbons.
Fantastic flights of Mr. Goodbeare's imagination,
Cricket-bats combined with dragons
And improbable bows and loops
Framed-in the almost legendary
Topiary of beard and whisker
—Tied in True-lover's Knots
In which Mr. Goodbeare's friends
Had at one time extravagantly
—If elegantly indulged.

Mrs. Goodbeare herself appeared no mean feat of turnery,
As she creaked into the room
In her black-silk best dress.
The lines on her face,
Of hairy yellow wood just cut,
Had been incised, perhaps,
By Mr. Goodbeare's verbal saw,
Just as his actual ones
Had roughly shaped her figure.
Carved from one tree-trunk,
She appeared,
Save for one golden-gleaming tooth,
A weird, wild tooth
That flashed in sympathy or anger.

Mrs. Goodbeare was a diplomat
And played off Mrs. Hague 'gainst Mrs. Nutch
—Yet sometimes I feared that Mrs. Goodbeare
Thought bearded, godfearing Mr. Goodbeare
Remembered remembering
Too much.

Mr. Goodbeare at Work

Under the shade
Of the elder-bushes,
In the speckled glade,
Where the thrush-colored toads crouch
About to spring,
Where the toad-colored thrushes
Learn to sing,
To shake their notes
As do Prima-Donnas
From white, fat throats;
When the tulips flaunt
Their proud bandannas,
And the cuckoos haunt
Us with mocking hosannahs,
Then, if you pass
Betwixt orchard and stable,
You can hear the saw shriek
From the Carpenter's table.
With saw and with plane,
The color of rain,
He turns the old trees into shelves; or, again,
Into hives for bees
That seek golden ease
In the cups of the flowers
Battered-down by the showers,
Blue-cold as the claw
Of the plane or the saw
That make for cattle a pen,
Or fashion coffins for men.

But if Mr. Goodbeare
Planes the planks, and prepares
Caskets for men's skeletons,
Alfred for this atones
And takes him unawares
By planting flowers
For Mr. Goodbeare's dry and tired bones.

OSBERT SITWELL.

Eugène Montfort's latest novel, "Cesar Casteldor" (Paris: Calmann-Levy), is a vigorous tale, compounded of love, adventure, and mystery, that somehow takes on deeper meaning by its author's infusion into it of the spirit of the life of southern France. Its scene is laid in Marseilles, and it vividly portrays the exuberance of the busy sun-flooded port.

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Books of Special Interest

Social Studies

THE EVOLUTION OF VALUES: Studies in Sociology with Special Applications to Teaching. By C. BOUGLE. Translated by HELEN STALKER SELLARS. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1926.

Reviewed by T. V. SMITH

IN seeking a science of society, the sociologist seems obligated to award differential honors to the various sciences, arts, and disciplines that go to make up our civilized complex. Professor Bouglé accepts this obligation and in a somewhat discursive, though highly stimulating, book discharges his debt. Because in the end he is determined to free other values from the essentially religious *motif*, he is all the more careful to do full justice to the universality of religious value in primitive life. Following Lévy-Bruhl and at a greater distance Durkheim, he is forced to see that all values for early man operated under religious forms and received the strength of religious sanctions. The "evolution of values," however, is precisely the story of the differentiation into various fields of these originally homogeneous human interests.

To be urbane means now among other things to have compartmentized one's self sufficiently to keep separate such interests as science, art, morality, religion. And yet differentiation is but one of the principles operative in the story of values; the other is its opposite, integration. But around what substitute for the primitive core is modern life to be organized into a unity? The first answer is that no substitute is needed. The seriousness with which our author feels he must deal, for instance, with the question as to whether morality can exist apart from religion illustrates the dominance in France of what must be called perverse prejudice. Bouglé himself is clear that science affords the one modern hope for wholeness. As a basis for robust personality, there is no substitute for intelligence. Values are "permanent possibilities" of human satisfaction; and there are no persisting and expanding possibilities of satisfaction apart from critical insight. It is intellect that sits at the center of the web of modern life and coördinates into one the various objectifications of human desire that pass as esthetic, ethical, religious, economic, scientific, political.

This does not mean, however, that education as the chief means of cultural continuity can be mere instruction. The transfer of pure intelligence upon the basis of brute facts is not enough. Indeed, such procedure is not possible. "The transmission of values is indispensable; it is certainly inevitable." What attitude toward this or that is superinduced in teaching anything is after all the thing of primary importance in education as in life. The fact that all sciences, physics and chemistry as well as economics and ethics, arise out of a welter of evaluations, live and develop as a part of a cultural complex, and serve, willy-nilly, to thwart or further human aspiration, may well give pause to all who see in scientific education nothing but the acquisition by the young of brute facts relinquished by the old in a moment of intellectual parturition. In the act the old slough off their very skins. Moreover, the subjective character of all human preferences when they remain divorced from objective institutions and from the sciences as means for their permanent maintenance may well lessen the bellicosity of those who apologize for normative sciences or the fine arts.

No; education canrot be mere training; for that degrades the cultivation and transmission of values to the hazards of subconsciousness; nor can it be mere instruction; for that makes a hoped-for by-product out of what should be an assured achievement—the perpetuity of values. No; education must be *initiation*, no less so in our civilized era than in primitive times. But the emphasis upon a scientific attitude is our surest means of initiating the young into all the values of modern life. Religious education conserves the old, but closes the eyes to new types of value. "By a special favor," says Gomperz, "the Greek people had predecessors who possessed bodies of priests but, itself, has always lacked them." Only a secular and flexible emphasis will sufficiently guarantee the conditions of freedom in which all values, even the religious ones, may live and prosper. Knowledge alone is virtue; and it, to be kept so, needs to be interpreted as wisdom and thus be recurrently humanized.

This elaborate French apology for laic as over against religious education startles one who is habituated to think of France as the land of intellectual freedom. While France is spared fundamentalism in the American sense, there goes on there a determined struggle between those who espouse the religious way of life and those who defend the democratic way of life, for possession of the educational system. That gained, all is gained for the one; all is lost for the other. The opinion may be hazarded that no textbook in ethics could command respect in any important American university today that even seriously asked whether morality must not rest upon religion in order to be effective. The violence of our strife over formal fundamentalism seems to have its compensation in the relative freedom which has been accorded ethics as the theory of the good life. But now and then, here and there, already the ubiquitous right of the public school to secularize the outlook of the growing generation is being called in question. "With each similar challenge, such an apology as this book contains becomes more relevant to the American scene. This issue aside, the discussion has much to offer of immediate and unquestioned relevancy. Its psychological conception of value: its sociological description of the way naturally subjective value grows objective and imperative; its instructive account of the correlation between science and democracy; its stimulating treatment of the way common means may be used for diverse ends, making thus possible ethical variety upon the basis of functional unity; and finally its splendid portrayal of the social conditions of scientific progress,—all these furnish the English reader grounds for gratefulness to Helen Stalker Sellars for her spirited translation. The introductory note by Roy Wood Sellars leaves something to be desired as an orientation in modern value-theory and much to be desired in the way of imagination and style.

A Neglected Collection

ITALIAN PRIMITIVES AT YALE UNIVERSITY, Comments and Revisions. By RICHARD OFFNER. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1927. $12 net.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

THIS very handsome quarto is issued under the auspices of the Yale Association in Fine Arts, and is a very elaborate appreciation and commentary on the primitive Italian pictures in the Jarves collection. This famous collection was more or less ignored by its owner for a full generation after its acquisition. Towards the end of this period the more necessary revisions of Jarves's obsolete attributions were made by William Rankin and the Berensons. In 1916 in a belated and still too hasty act of contrition Yale employed Dr. Osvald Sirén to make a formidable catalogue *de luxe*. In it the noted Swedish scholar showed his familiar formula of interblent hurry, insight, and recklessness, introducing perhaps as much confusion as he corrected. Now a far more cautious scholar goes over his track.

On the side of attribution Dr. Offner's chief and necessary service is in setting up danger signals alongside the flimsier ascriptions of Sirén. On the positive side he transfers to Nardo di Cione a stately pair of apostles generally given to the great Orcagna. Here we believe judicious opinion will bear Dr. Offner out. Much less convincing is the suggestion of Paolo di Stefano as the painter of the delightful Masaccian cassone front, the Garden of Love. However the reconstruction of Paolo is in itself interesting. In discussing the numerous cassone panels Dr. Offner rightly rejects in favor of a shop Schubring's overingenious attempt to subdivide the shop product among several personalities. A group of saints ascribed to Starnina Dr. Offner prudently relegates to the bottega of Agnolo Gaddi.

To the specialist Dr. Offner is most interesting when he uses the thirteenth century pictures at Yale, an extraordinary group, as point of departure for stylistic collocations. Thus we have a really important new group for the so-called Magdalen Master. The illustrations offer many novelties to the student and the details of good scale supply welcome new resources for further research. In this field we think the last word has not been said concerning the interesting passion series, Figure 34, ascribed on Mr. Berenson's authority, to the School of Romagna about 1350. As narrative painting the work is of unique vivacity; its apparent relations to the school of Rimini may be fortuitous. The appearance of a youthful St. John the Baptist twice in one altarpiece would be very odd outside of Florence. The eagerness of the types forecasts the Cecelia Master. There is nothing that necessarily dates the piece later than 1300. There are suggestive analogies with the mosaics of the Florentine Baptistry of about that date. In short the piece might provisionally be regarded as an exceptional work of a Florentine miniaturist who stands at the head of a tradition developed by the Cecelia Master and Pacino.

Excellent critical appreciations of schools and masters will make this book, chiefly written for the specialist, also useful to the laity as a gallery guide. Here we are glad to note that Dr. Offner seems to be emerging from the cryptic and tortured style of his beginnings. Such a style is a peculiar hardship to his readers, for Dr. Offner's matter is always important, and one has to read him despite the rhetorical obstacles he sees fit to erect.

Bibliography

A REGISTER OF BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE. By CLARK SUTHERLAND NORTHUP. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1926.

Reviewed by ANNE S. PRATT

PROFESSOR NORTHUP, in compiling this bibliography of bibliographies of the English language and literature, takes a decisive step toward filling a need in a field where such a compilation has long been a desideratum. He states that the book is not a complete list of bibliographies for the subject, as thousands of references which might have been included were rejected, but that it is, rather, a guide indicating important bibliographical undertakings. The compilation undoubtedly represents the the thoughtful labor of years, a labor stupendous indeed for an individual and worthy of the efforts of a score of specialists. Professor Northup acknowledges assistance given him by scholars and bibliographers, especially that contributed by Professor Adams in the section of the book devoted to drama.

In this volume of about five hundred pages thousands of bibliographical references are included, not only those published separately but those contained in such sources as periodicals, transactions of societies, and histories, and collections of English literature. General bibliographies on English literature are listed first, followed by an alphabetical arrangement under topics and the names of writers of all periods. The wide scope of the field covered is indicated in such headings as Folklore, Travel, Methodist Literature, and Science. One is surprised to find nothing under the heading of Art or of Philosophy and the lack of bibliographies on subjects relating to the English language leads one to think that the book will not meet the need in this field as completely as in the field of literature. There are a few annotations to the titles listed, these consisting, for the most part, in references to published critical reviews.

The wealth of material included is overwhelming, but the book has serious technical defects which will interfere with its full use as a reference tool. It is unfortunate that many valuable references in the wealth of titles will be lost to readers on account of a lack of such tchnical aids to the use of the book as a table of abbreviations and a note of explanation as to the scope of the index. Such a useful addition as a list of the headings, not proper names, under which titles are grouped would, possibly, remedy the need caused by the present failure to make sufficient cross references from headings not used to those adopted. Under subjects where numerous titles are collected, with a conspicuous exception under the heading Drama, there is no clear indication of the arrangement adopted, while under the subject Printing and Publishing inconsistencies in plan are obvious. In the formal details of the compilation, however, the infinite care to give accurate descriptions of the titles listed is a valuable feature, and the few misleading forms adopted, such as that followed in citing a later and more important edition in fine print as a note to an earlier edition in more conspicuous type, can be overlooked.

In spite of technical defects, it is a book rich in suggestions to the student, scholar, and librarian. It will undoubtedly form a convenie ng point for anyone searching for tphical information in English lite

The Story of Asia

ASIA, A SHORT HISTORY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY. By HERBERT H. GOWEN. Boston: Little, Brown. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by F. W. WILLIAMS
Yale University

PROFESSOR GOWEN'S experience as a missionary and teacher among Orientals and with students on the Pacific Coast has impressed him with the need of a general introduction to the story of the peoples of Asia. To open the eyes of our countrymen to the whole continent at once is a stupendous task; to enter it one finds a region where angels fear to tread. From the standpoint of the scholar—not necessarily of the specialist—the attempt must be called magnificent, but it is not exactly history. No more is the automobile road-book geography, yet the tourist who uses one intelligently learns something more than the passive passenger who never inquires where he rides.

On this principle it might be possible to attain an end quite worth while by using this volume as an *Einleitung* to that part of the world which for centuries has been altogether ignored by history teachers here and in Europe. Even as an introduction it is almost useless without a great deal of supplementary instruction; no one by merely reading these four hundred pages could comprehend a small fraction of the events described, or remember one of any dozen of the names sparingly mentioned. But to one who considers world-history as a whole a superficial summary like this reveals a few things of immense significance: it shows the relatively minor part which Europe has played in the development of the world's culture until quite recent times; the rôle of Asia in the fundamental inventions; the conceptions of the spiritual life of man as distinct from his material well-being; the importance of obedience and self-restraint in evolving a political system that secures the greatest happiness to the greatest number; the place of art in a highly refined society. These are suggestive reflections which the children of tomorrow must be brought up to understand if they are to improve upon the misadventures following their fathers' contented ignorance of the East.

On the whole Professor Gowen is to be congratulated upon the discernment shown in carrying out his great adventure. He shows a fair sense of proportion in selecting the few facts for which he has room, he writes simply and he passes no judgments. Obviously no two authors would do this thing in the same way, but he seems open to criticism in attempting in so small a compass two aims which are entirely different. One of these, a summary of five thousand years of the history of half the habitable globe, occupies less than half of his space, the other, a discussion of present-day problems, full of polemical material, appears as a very long tail to a kite which is so far away as to become a disconnected item. A more philosophic writer might have enlarged upon topics such as the invisible barrier which has always separated Western from Eastern Asia, the contrast between transcendental India and materialistic China, why the Chinese never went to sea, and scores of others. There is plenty of material which if employed might have developed a lively and inspiring work; it would be an overstatement to call this either. A few errors may be noted, not for reproof, for mistakes are inevitable in so comprehensive an abridgment, but for correction against a new edition.

It is the Chinese of the north, not of the south, who call themselves "Sons of Han." A less ambiguous statement as to early writing might have been employed to convey the author's meaning to Western readers who have only one definition of hair-brush; he refers to the writing-brush made of fine hairs. Ismail I *lost* the great battle of 1514, one of the important battles of history because it separated Shiah and Sunni in Islam forever. The seizure of Parkes and Loch is incorrectly told; they were not on their way to ratify the Treaty of Tientsin. The American share of the Shimonoseki indemnity was not refused; after costs and losses in the action were paid the surplus was refunded to Japan unconditionally, not "for purposes of education." The great landing pier in Okohama was built with the money. These are very small slips but they might have been avoided by submitting the copy to a friendly critic before it went to the printer.

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Books of Special Interest

A Diplomatic Tangle

DIPLOMATIC EPISODES IN MEXICO, BELGIUM, AND CHILE. By HENRY LANE WILSON. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

AMBASSADOR WILSON was a McKinley Republican and President Wilson was—President Wilson. Out of those two facts arose a quarrel which reflected no particular credit upon either of them. This volume in so far as it is of any importance at all, is an exposition of the Ambassador's side of the story. Even if it had all been carefully perused by the President, it is doubtful if the two men would have come any closer to an agreement. Wilson the President was no more capable of understanding Wilson the Ambassador than Wilson the Ambassador was capable of understanding Wilson the President. And Secretary of State Bryan, smilingly acting as intermediary, hardly seems to have understood either of them.

The occasion for the misunderstanding was one of those unfortunate transitions in our public life when the political appointees of one party are removed from our legations and embassies to make room for the favored representatives of the other party. In the case of Mexico, there was some demand among those interested that, because of the extremely delicate situation in that country, Ambassador Wilson should be allowed to continue for a time instead of being superseded at once by a "deserving Democrat." The demand was of sufficient influence to bring about that result with doubtful benefit to the interests concerned, to Mexico, or to the diplomatic prestige of the United States.

A Republican Ambassador holding over under a Democratic administration, especially where the Secretary of State had given great encouragement to the spoilsmen, was an invitation both to influential politicians and the would-be influential busybodies to stir up trouble. The head-on collision between the desire of the experienced Ambassador to play the game according to the long-established rules, to recognize Huerta as the actual government of the country, and to secure in return his recognition of American rights, and the desire of the President to introduce something of his idealistic political theory into the Mexican morass, to chasten Huerta and practically to ignore American rights, gave the trouble-makers all they needed to work with. By the time they got through the Ambassador had resigned under a cloud, the President and the Secretary of State were drawn into various anomalous adventures in foreign policy, and the Mexican government descended into a whirlpool of revolution.

The Ambassador begins his story with his appointment as Minister to Chile, an appointment of which he seems to have approved as warmly as did President McKinley, who sent him off with a rose in his buttonhole. Two-thirds of the book are devoted to the comfortable relation of very ordinary experiences in Chile and later in Belgium, incidents and experiences which at the time might have had a passing interest for the family and friends of the aspiring diplomat. They are told in an appropriate intimate style in which a certain mock-modesty is allowed to disclose the cleverness with which the writer always worsted his opponents. His judgment is then certified by the recital of a testimonial dinner or a resolution or an affidavit showing that somebody else also thought he had done a good piece of work. At the end, one of his most serious complaints against President Wilson is that the latter refused to give him a letter of recommendation.

Having thus established in the mind of the reader his abilities as a diplomat, Mr. Wilson proceeds to the more detailed account of the momentous years in Mexico. Here we leave a desultory travel-book and plunge into the contentious atmosphere of a lawyer's brief. Like the vast majority of such documents it carries a measure of conviction in the absence of any opposing brief. The Ambassador makes a good case for a verdict of "not guilty" so far as the specific charges which have been made against him are concerned. Of the principal charge, that he conspired against Madero, he effectually clears himself.

One cannot escape the feeling, however, as one pushes on through the book, that the issues involved are trivial and of little importance except to the actors themselves. Behind and beyond all this petty squabbling, there is the sense of littleness in men that should have been big, of pettiness where greatness would have been welcome. The revelation of the inner workings of our diplomacy, while it brings to light no suggestion of the facile villainy with which it is sometimes charged, does show us a sputtering, grinding piece of machinery, for which it would require many pounds of patriotism to furnish forth an ounce of pride. One turns away with the hope that the recent attempts at reorganization in the State Department have achieved at least a measure of success. If they have not, with such an excellent field before them, one would have another bad quarter of an hour over the prospects of democracy.

Henry Lane Wilson's book might have been written in the objective, historical style of some of the British pro-consuls in Egypt or India. It might have given no special attention to the personal difficulties of the author and yet, far more effectvely than it does, lifted him above the welter of accusation and counter-accusation. It might at the same time have given us an intimate record of a trying and important period in the life of our southern neighbor. All these larger purposes, if they ever existed, are lost in the author's desire to write a brief in his own defense. He has his brief, but the world is poorer for what might have been a great book.

Rome's Best Work

MUNICIPAL ADMINISTRATION IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By FRANK FROST ABBOTT and ALLAN CHESTER JOHNSON. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 1926. $5 net.

Reviewed by W. R. DOBIE

BY presenting in one volume, for the first time, all the documents (inscriptions and papyri) which give information of any importance about the municipalities, villages, and other administrative units of the Roman Empire (before the Byzantine period), Messrs. Abbott and Johnson have done a great service to historians. The first half of the volume consists of a series of essays which give an admirably full and clear account of the institutions and their history.

Although the work is chiefly intended for the specialist, it will interest the more general reader who wants to know what the Empire was really like and is not content with vaguely uplifting effusions about the Grandeur that was Rome. (In passing, we would recommend him to begin with the historical chapters, XIII and XIV.) The government of the provinces was the best work that Rome did, and here we have a workaday, realistic picture of it, with its difficulties, half-successes, and failures.

At first the Romans established no uniform system, except in backward countries without political traditions of their own; they adapted the old institutions which they found, and, in particular, maintained the excellent organization of the Hellenistic kingdoms. But the great size of the Empire inevitably made uniformity necessary. Local governors and tax-collectors were oppressive; provincials shirked the burdens of office; there were economic difficulties. We find the Emperors trying to remedy every evil that arises, and Nero and Caracalla appear, not as the monsters of the more spectacular kind of film, but as anxious administrators, sometimes regarded by the provincials with genuine affection. It is true that Nero lives up to his reputation when, to remedy the economic ill-effects of half the land of Africa being owned by six great proprietors, he kills all six. However, this and less drastic expedients were all in vain; the officials created to check oppression themselves became oppressors, and every new measure brought an increase of the bureaucracy, and therefore of the costs of administration, and a greater uniformity, which killed political and intellectual life and turned the Empire into a machine in which every individual was kept strictly to his place. Even then, the machine did not work. In the end, the municipalities, in which Græco-Roman civilization had been kept alive, disappeared, and the provinces reverted to the Eastern or barbarian villages which had been there in the past.

The book is especially interesting in telling us how things were done, not only in matters of general administration, but in details.

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Foreign Literature

The German Lied

DAS DEUTSCHE LIED. Von OSKAR BIE. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1927.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

A GERMAN music-critic of long experience, wide knowledge, and accurate taste has in this volume reflected the impressions made on his mind by the German Lied, from Schubert to Hindemith. It would be unjust to insist too much on the subjective nature of these chapters, for an essential constituent of musical criticism is the clear rendering of the critic's emotional reactions to the works with which he is dealing. All that is intended is to make plain the fact that this is no repository of historical information, technical analyses, or even detailed critical appreciations; it is significant of the whole tendency of the book that its opening chapter, after a dedication to the spirit of Schubert, is entitled "Bekenntnis." The writer has made himself familiar with the whole range of German Lieder, above all "Schubert's manysidedness, Schumann's lyrical energy and romantic landscapes, Brahms's spiritual reserve and musical absoluteness, Hugo Wolf's glowing magic, not untinged with intellectuality;" he has studied and appreciated all this body of music through various German interpreters, Gmeiner, Gerhardt, Culp, Grumbacher, and he has set down his personal opinions and preferences.

It follows that this is a book for the knowledgeable enthusiast rather than for the beginner. There is a historical introduction on the origins of the Lied, but it is sketchy, and he who wants a solid foundation for study will take Herr Bie's advice and turn to the three volumes of Max Friedländer's work on the German Lied in the eighteenth century. Only three songs seem really to arouse his enthusiasm, Reichardt's "Veilchen," Mozart's "Veilchen," and Haydn's "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser"—"the best national hymn in the world." The remainder represent either a more or less successful effort to "escape from Kontrapunktiken, Madrigalismen, Geistlichkeiten, Schafterverzierungen," or a mere mild prophecy of the really great things to come later, with the wonderful flood from Schubert, between one and two hundred songs in one year. Here at last we reach the "spezifisch deutsche, gesangvolle, herzliche, und häusliche Lied," to which Herr Bie dedicates the rest of his book.

Herr Bie will have it that there is no essential interdependence between the lyric and the Lied. The composer is not caught up in the contemporary literary stream; he takes his material often from the half-forgotten or out-of-date or insignificant, breathes new life into what, as literature, has already had its day. Goethe, Heine, and Mörike, of course, created literature which would have lived in any event, but it was Schubert, Schumann, and Wolf who came later and gave their words a different kind of vitality. Wilhelm Müller's most prominent literary work, the *Griechenlieder*, was lost to music; Schubert seized on his *Müllerlieder* and conferred on them a new and unsuspected vitality. Incidentally, what a neat summing-up of this cycle the writer gives; "the composer does not characterize types, but *Stimmungen;* the figures vanish behind the expression of universal feelings." The crown of all the immense achievement—there is scarcely need for a reminder that it counted six hundred songs—was the "Doppelgänger." It was Schubert's final emancipation, it was the first emancipation of the modern Lied. "No song has in fewer notes revealed more soul."

In an inter-chapter of analysis of German and Italian music Herr Bie asserts that the first was essentially instrumental, the second vocal. The German Lied was thus, he concludes, "errungen aus ihrer symphonischen Einstellung," so that the Italians produce pure opera, the Germans pure song. The remark seems too facile. What is one to make of the German hymns, the Italian harpsichord music? The thesis seems also undermined by the example of Beethoven, whom Herr Bie calls an "akzidentielle Liedernatur," and to whom, as to Weber, he devotes only a few paragraphs. His chapter on Schumann opens with a concise and convincing observation, to the effect that the composer who has strong literary impulses almost always devotes himself to opera. Schumann was one of the rare exceptions; he alone had to contend with that conflict between production and analysis, so dangerous to all artists, composers and writers alike. The musician in Schumann triumphed, the critic succumbed. At least this must be the explanation of his tyranny over the texts he chose for his songs. As his musical inspiration directed he changed words, repeated phrases, made interpolations, was indifferent whether he used the definite text or not, certain of the Heine songs for example. Herr Bie's most enthusiastic paragraphs, when he comes to details, are reserved for "Widmung" and "Zwielicht." The "Frauenliebe und Leben" cycle suggests to him that nearly all Lieder are Liebeslieder; the symphony is the male element in music, the opera the sexless, the Lied represents the feminine principal.

After a glance at Mendelssohn, Jensen, and Cornelius we come to Brahms, "the autumn of romanticism." Of particular interest, to students of literature as of music, is the account of the relations between the poet Daumer and Brahms. No fewer than sixty of Daumer's poems found immortality in Brahms's music; one of them, "Wie bist du meine Königin?" in Herr Bie's judgment, became one of the most perfect creations of musical genius. How the composer came upon the writer, sought his personal acquaintance and took his work up and transformed it, this is one of the most remarkable incidents in musical history, and suggests the observation that whereas librettos of operas are generally written to order, the Lied-text generally awaits the musician's magic touch to wake it into life or at least give it a new aspect. This section of Herr Bie's work closes with an excursus on the interpretation of Lieder, for which he holds the soprano to be the ideal medium, and with an appreciation of Loewe and Franz, "der erste Lieder-journalist."

The last book deals with Wolf, Reger, Liszt, Wagner, Richard Strauss, Pfitzner, and other moderns. It seems to be more hastily written than the preceding chapters, and some of the judgments of Wolf are summary and unenthusiastic. "Verborgenheit" might have been by Brahms or Schumann, "Weyla's Gesang" — "Wolframgebärde in Orplid-beleuchtung." "Heimweh" —sentimental voice—part to a folk-song accompaniment. Strauss is even more quickly dismissed, "keine Liedernatur," his songs little more than milestones on his way to his real aim, the opera. The "ominöse 'Ständchen'" is classed with "Salonromantik." There is a great deal of iconoclasm in these concluding pages, not all of it wilful or unnecessary. Among the newer Lieder-writers Herr Bie finds most enthusiasm for Hindemith, whose "Marienleben" cycle, the words by Rainer Maria Rilke, he considers the finest achievement of the contemporary German Lied.

Foreign Notes

KARL VON SCHLOZER, great-grandson of the famous German historian, and himself a diplomat of ability, wrote during the years of his foreign service a large number of letters some of which have now been published under the title "Menschen und Landschaften" (Berlin: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt). They reflect a mind well-stored and thoughtful, a keen eye for the salient, and a literary aptitude of no small calibre. This first instalment covers the years of his residence in St. Petersburg, Rio de Janeiro, and Belgrade, in all of which places he held position during years of important activity. His correspondence is full of interesting comment and interpretation, and both lively and entertaining.

Emil Ludwig has for the nonce apparently deserted biographical writing for he has just published a volume entitled "Am Mittelmeer" (Berlin: Rowohlt), which is a travel book pure and simple. But it is a travel book written with far more than the average ability, and with all of Mr. Ludwig's vividness of phrase and power of rapid description. It records a cruise round the Mediterranean beginning at Genoa and including Turkey, Palestine, and Greece.

The third and fourth volumes of Robert Davidsohn's comprehensive "Geschichte von Florenz" (Berlin: Mittler), have recently appeared. Like their predecessors they are in large part based on manuscript sources, and like them are rich in interest. Dr. Davidsohn presents a full and many sided picture of Florence, of its people, its streets, its homes, its occupations and amusements, as well as of its religious, educational, and economic life. His work is a monumental one that should long serve as a quarry of information for students.

(*A page from* POWER)

was a disappointment, a vexation. Süss paid no attention to her, he had given her barely a word of cold and courteous greeting. She could not know that this was diplomacy, she only saw that Lucifer had no eyes for her. She removed her mask from her brown, keen, quivering, distorted face; Lucifer had no eyes for her. This prostrated her more than a defeat.

But another was looking for a second time at the quivering brown face, looking at it long, with the relish of a connoisseur, looking it up and down, looking at the deep blue insistent eyes, in strange contrast to the dusky hair. By Jove, that Weissensee girl! So there were people like this! This was a Swabian, his subject! A Swabian of a rare kind. Karl Alexander had never imagined that Weissensee, the fox, had such a lovely flower growing in his house. He had gone to the ball with a vague and aimless longing for something new. He had been working, and was now rested and refreshed. This was something new and different. Now there was some meaning in the Soirée. The Italian actress, whom Süss had praised to him beforehand, only increased his desire for the firm, young Swabian girl.

After the opera they sit down to table. The supper is varied and magnificent. Masks are taken off, the flushed faces look at once strange and familiar above their costumes, and are doubly charming. Highly seasoned foods, strong rare wines, pithy toasts.

Gnomes come dancing in, empty the jewel cabinets, and with comic gestures hand the glittering gifts to the ladies for whom Süss has destined them. Dom Bartelemi watched them keenly as they shared out stone after stone, necklace after necklace, buckle after buckle. The extraordinarily tall man, with his right shoulder curiously raised, his purple fleshless face stretching on the withered neck out of the formal ruff of his old-fashioned Portuguese dress, let his long unblinking narrow eyes rove unceasingly from behind their wrinkled lids. Deepset in their cavities they kept watch in his compressed and death-like head. The Palatinate Privy Councillor—who was also the General Director of Palatinate Commerce and Tobacco Manufacture—examined the ladies' gifts, and appraised them with expert skill. Profound uneasiness seized Süss when he heard the hollow, cold, drawling voice which had so often undercut his prices, hindered so many of his transactions,

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By A. H. HALLAM MURRAY

Points of View

Mr. Loomis Protests

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In his recent notice of my "Celtic Myth and Arthurian Romance" Mr. Gerould has remarked of the central thesis that "Fatuity could go no further." Under these circumstances may I be permitted a reply?

First, Mr. Gerould published his first piece of Arthurian scholarship in January, and there proposed as a new thesis an idea Southey broached in his introduction to Malory one hundred and ten years ago and other scholars have repeated since. My own Arthurian publications in the leading scholarly journals cover the years from 1916 to the present. So much for Mr. Gerould's competence to criticize my work.

Secondly, he has misstated my thesis just enough to render it as absurd as he would like it to be. I do not admit, as he says I do, that the myths are altogether indistinct in their Irish and Welsh forms, and clear-cut in their Arthurian forms. Some mythical features are very clear in the Irish stories as preserved to us; others are clearer in the cognate Arthurian tales. What I have endeavored to point out is that these mythical features from fields separated in time and space, but demonstrably linked by channels of oral tradition, can be brought together to form a harmonious pattern, and prove their derivation from a common reservoir of Celtic myth. So much for Mr. Gerould's ability to state fairly and accurately his opponent's position.

Thirdly, Mr. Gerould offers no explanation for specific statements in medieval texts that Merlin, Morgan le Fay, and the Grail Bearer were deities, for Gawain's solar traits, or for the many lines of converging evidence which prove that Lancelot's name and certain of his qualities are derived ultimately from the god Lug. To say that these and many kindred phenomena are mere products of the imagination of authors bent chiefly on amusing court ladies is to propose as a cause what obviously has no relation to the effect. So much for Mr. Gerould's understanding of the first principle of all science, the law of causation.

Fourthly, Mr. Gerould, not content with accusations against veterans in the Arthurian field, for he remarks that I am only bolder and less cautious than my co-workers, tosses an insult among the archeologists. He asks them to cease "dogmatic assertions" about the date of the "Arthurian *sculptures*" at Modena and to show definite evidence. First, let him know that there is but one Arthurian sculpture at Modena. Then, let him turn to Professor Kingsley Porter's authoritative "Lombard Architecture and Romanesque Sculpture," which I cite on p. 6, and he will discover that it is not for him to call for evidence but to refute it. So much for Mr. Gerould's excursion into archæology.

Obviously Mr. Gerould's extraordinary manners in dealing with this matter are accounted for by a very real annoyance. For the Modena sculpture of about 1100 can be shown far too clearly to be based ultimately on a pagan Irish myth on the one hand, and to contain elements that reappear in Arthurian romances of the thirteenth century on the other. If Mr. Gerould could destroy the sculpture or silence the archeologists, he would be so much happier. But after all his opinion outside hagiology is worth as little as mine in hagiology. What matters is the considered judgment of experts in Arthurian and Celtic literature and comparative mythology. I trust that those interested in romance and myth will await the verdict of competent judges, or examine the evidence I have assembled for themselves.

ROGER SHERMAN LOOMIS.

Columbia University.

Victoria Woodhull

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I am writing a book about Victoria Woodhull Martin, and I am eager to learn of anyone with personal reminiscences concerning her, or her sister Tennessee Claflin, afterward Lady Cook.

I would be so grateful for the coöperation of your readers. Letters can be sent to me, Emanie Sachs, Darien, Connecticut, until October 1, and after that date at 1125 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

EMANIE SACHS.

War Guilt

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I am prompted by Mr. John Bakeless's review of G. P. Gooch's "Recent Revelations of European Diplomacy," in your issue of August 27, to put two questions that have for some time been on my mind.

1. Have the "post-war revelations" disproved the common belief (1) that the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia was deliberately formulated in terms that Serbia could not accept without surrender of her national independence; and (2) that in sending this ultimatum the Austrian Government was justified in believing that she was assured of the support of the German Government?

2. If responsibility is shifted from the immediate agents to "the international anarchy which they inherited," does one not employ a principle which makes individual culpability meaningless?

My suggestion is, briefly, that there are always conditions favorable to the conflagration of war, and that the "responsible" party must therefore be that individual or group who drop the spark at the crucial moment. Can the Austrian and German authorities be acquitted of having consciously performed an act which made a local war almost inevitable, and, in view of the state of Europe, a general war highly probable?

I am sure that others as well as myself will be grateful for light from Mr. Bakeless on these points.

RALPH BARTON PERRY.

Cambridge, Mass.

A Composite

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In re. my "Irish Sparrow:" the character of "Jules Hallman" is not meant to represent Haldeman-Julius. I aimed at building a sort of scarecrow out of H. L. Mencken, Isaac Goldberg, and Mr. Julius. I might have added to the mess one George Jean Nathan, only I couldn't think up enough wise-cracks to put into that gentleman's mouth. So my effigy is a trinity, not one man. However, Mr. Julius suffers most of my pea-shooting. The readers I write for would hardly pay fifty cents for the *American Mercury*, but they might get free copies of the *Haldeman-Julius Weekly*.

Orrtanna, Pa. WILL W. WHALEN.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

ENGLAND AND IRELAND: TWELVE WOODCUTS. By *Richard Bennett*. University of Washington.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE THEATRE. By *Allardyce Nicoll*. Harcourt, Brace. $10 net.

LETTERS AND TRANSACTIONS FROM CAPPADOCIA. By *Albert T. Clay*. Yale University Press. $7.50.

Belles Lettres

THE ORGANIZATION AND PERSONNEL OF THE SHAKESPEAREAN COMPANY. By *Thomas Whitfield Baldwin*. Princeton University Press. $6.

HARPER'S LITERARY MUSEUM. Compiled by *Ola Elizabeth Winslow*. Harpers. $4.

THOMAS HARDY. By *Lascelles Abercrombie*. Viking. $2.

STUFFED PEACOCKS. By *Emily Clark*. Knopf. $2.50.

MONTAIGNE. By *Irene Cooper Willis*. Knopf. $2.50.

THE PLAYS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. By *E. H. C. Oliphant*. Yale University Press. $5.

CERTITUDES. By *Sister M. Eleanore*. Appleton. $1.50.

FATE AND FREEDOM. By *Henry Russell Norris*. Yale University Press. $1.50.

CRITIQUES. By *Augustus Ralli*. Longman's. $4.20.

A BOOK OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By *Franklyn B. Snyder* and *Edward D. Snyder*. Macmillan.

GREEK AND ROMAN FOLKLORE. By W. R. HALLIDAY. Longmans, Green. (Our Debt to Greece and Rome Series). 1927. $1.75.

As the author frankly admits, our debt to Greece and Rome in the matter of folklore is really very small. While there is a large body of such material common to many strains of European civilization, few of its elements can be proven to have had their origin in classical antiquity. Professor Halliday therefore contents himself with a pleasant résumé of such material, without committing himself as to its source. He does, however, make the very interesting suggestion that the Persian Empire may have been the original parent of those fables which are found both in Greek and Buddhist literature at a time when it is difficult to suppose direct contact between Greece and India. Further, he gives an account of the steady, progressive course of superstition from Hellenic times to the Middle Ages as evidenced by the literary tradition, with some judicious remarks on the reasons therefor.

Biography

THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE. By CORRA HARRIS. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $3.

To lay hands save in the way of kindness on a book which has appeared serially in the *Saturday Evening Post* is not only ungenerous but absurd. If it pleased three million customers—or, more exactly, pleased their vicarious sacrificial ram, George Horace Lorimer, caught by his horns in the thicket of that stupendous circulation—the world will little note nor long remember the fact that this reviewer was not amused. This is an account of what Mrs. Harris thought and felt during a spring and summer in California. Some of her thoughts and feelings are worthy of the author of "Eve's Second Husband," but to reach them you must wade hip deep through a flood of words.

Mrs. Harris likes Catholics, Californians, short skirts, Mussolini, American business men, prohibition, and reformers; she dislikes Christian Scientists, rationalists, materialists, bobbed hair, Europe, Europeans, sex novels, the League of Nations, scofflaws, advocates of the cancellation or reduction of war debts (such persons are subsidized, one learns), men, and modern women. Since these are in the main the likes and dislikes of the editors, and doubtless of a majority of the readers, of the *Saturday Evening Post*, a good time was presumably had by all. Still she is evidently not such a thoroughgoing anti-modernist as she thinks. One infers that she would sniff at the argument that a man's physical infidelity to his wife does not imply moral infidelity; but she defends those numerous persons who are physically unfaithful to the Volstead Act while professing that it is the only statute they ever really loved. She scorns James Joyce, but like Joyce she makes a book out of her stream of consciousness; it is more agreeably scented than Joyce's and a shade more lucid; but in "The Happy Pilgrimage" as in "Ulysses" the reader in search of gold will have to wash a lot of gravel before he finds a few nuggets in his pan as the reward of a hard day's work.

LATEST CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS. By *Frank Harris*. Macaulay. $2.50.

ALFRED E. SMITH. By *Henry F. Pringle*. Macy-Masius. $3.

FOOTPRINTS AND ECHOES. By *William H. Crane*. Dutton. $5.

COUNT LUCKNER. By *Lowell Thomas*. Doubleday, Page. $2.50.

THE DIARY OF HENRY TEUGE. Edited by *G. E. Manwaring*. Harpers.

MEMOIRS OF A POOR RELATION. By *Marietta Meade Minnegerode*. Dutton. $5.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH. By *E. Keble Chatterton*. Harpers. $4.

A QUAKER FROM CROMWELL'S ARMY: JAMES NAYLER. By *Mabel Richmond Brailsford*. Macmillan.

JOURNAL OF KATHARINE MANSFIELD. Edited by *J. Middleton Murry*. Knopf. $3.50.

QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND. By *Kathleen Woodward*. Doran. $5 net.

ROBESPIERRE. By *Hilaire Belloc*. Putnam. $5

AN AMERICAN PILGRIMAGE. By *Grace Scribner*. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

PATRIOTS OFF THEIR PEDESTALS. By *Paul Wilstach*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.75.

Fiction

THE SHIPS SAILS ON. By NORDAHL GRIEG. Knopf. 1927. $2.50.

A. G. Chater has translated from the Norwegian this bare and unpoeticized recital of an ordinary seaman's experiences on the voyage. Benjamin Hall had never been to sea before; the crudeness of his fellow sailors and the filth of the ship seemed to him at first almost unbearable. As time passed, however, he became used to both, and was even able to find the most unsuspected qualities beneath the unpleasant exteriors of both men and ship. It is impossible to deny the truth and the power of Nordahl Grieg's book, but it is also difficult to feel a great admiration for the effective and yet uninspired journalism which is its essence.

In style it often seems reminiscent of the early days of realism, when the coarseness rather than the aptness of adjectives applied distinguished good writing from the old-

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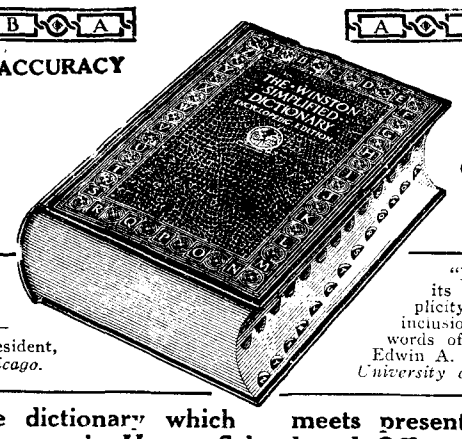

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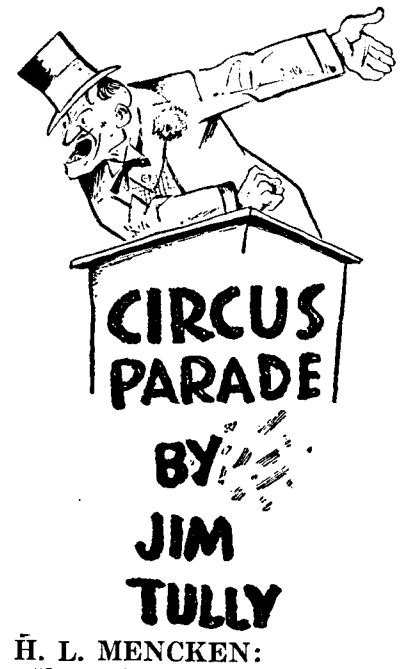

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

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CHINESE WHITE. By *David Calder Wilson.* Sears. $2.
THE DANCING DOLL. By *Frank Condon* and *Charlton L. Edholm.* Barse & Hopkins. $2.
WHITE HANDS. By *Arthur Stringer.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.
THE TAN PRINCESS. Translated by *Arthur W. Ryder.* University of Chicago Press. $2.
FANCY LADY. By *Homer Croy.* Harpers. $2.
THE LUCK OF THE LAIRD. By *Albert Payson Terhune.* Harpers. $2.
THE CHRONICLES OF CLOVIS. By *Saki* (*H. H. Munro*). Viking. $1.50.
BALLYHOO. By *Beth Brown.* Dial. $2.50.
HIGH ENDEAVOR. By *Anthony Gibbs.* Dial. $2.50.
PROFANE EARTH. By *Holger Cahill.* $2.
UNCLE ANGHEL. By *Panaït Istrati.* Translated by *Maude Valérie White.* Knopf. $2.50.
THE COUNTERFEITERS. By *André Gide.* Knopf. $3.
DECLARATION OF LOVE. By *Geoffrey Dennis.* Knopf.
MISS ESPERANCE AND MR. WYCHERLY. By *L. Allen Harker.* Scribners. $3.50.
OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING. By *E. T. Gundlach.* Consolidated Book Publishers, 2242 Grove Street, Chicago.

Juvenile

A ROAD TO FAIRYLAND. By *Erica Fay.* Putnams. $1.75.
EIGHT COUSINS. By *Louisa M. Alcott.* Little, Brown. $2 net.
ROSE IN BLOOM. By *Louisa M. Alcott.* Little, Brown. $2 net.
WHAT KATY DID AT SCHOOL. By *Susan Coolidge.* Little, Brown. $2 net.
THE TRADE WIND. By *Cornelia Meigs.* Little, Brown. $2.
THE MAGIC TOOTH. By *Elsie Spicer Eells.* Little, Brown. $2 net.
HEROES OF MODERN ADVENTURE. By *T. C. Bridges* and *H. Hessell Tiltman.* Little, Brown. $2 net.
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(*Continued on page 142*)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

K. M., Barlow Sanitarium, Los Angeles, Cal., asks for "reputable Western fiction," and would appreciate a list of stories having their locale in authentic surroundings. "I except," says he, "the work of Stewart Edward White and Owen Wister, with which I am familiar. Something after the manner of Struthers Burt at his best. What will free me from the inanities of Gray, Wright, and their ilk?"

I HAVE never been west of Milwaukee; I can't say whether Western stories are authentic in atmosphere or not. But others who have say that William Henry Irwin's "Youth Rides West" (Knopf) is true in color and detail to the life of the early days of a Colorado mining camp, and I need no one to tell me that Will James's "Smoky" (Scribner) is as good a story of a real cowpony as one would need. There is no mush in the old favorite, Clarence Edward Mulford's "The Man from Bar 20" (Burt), and Hjalmar Rützebeck's "Alaska Man's Luck" (Boni & Liveright), is made of real adventures set down in diary form. Frank Spearman's stories, especially "Larramie Holds the Range" (Scribners), and those of Hal G. Evarts, especially "The Settling of the Sage" (Little, Brown), are not only exciting but trustworthy, and Honoré Willsie Morrow, who wrote "Still Jim," "The Enchanted Canyon," and "Judith of the Godless Valley" (Morrow), was brought up in this part of the world and knows what she is talking about. I can read her stories with genuine interest, which is more than I can do with many Western thrillers, and I can always have a good time with a tale by B. M. Bower, largely, I suppose, because she makes her people talk in such a sprightly manner. The latest B. M. Bower is not a cowboy novel, but about prehistoric caves in the Southwest—and a thriller it is, with the beautiful name "The Adam Chasers" (Little, Brown)—but I suggest that if entertainment is what K. M. wants there is a long list of B. M. Bower's tales, and "The Voice at Johnnywater" (Little, Brown), makes a good beginning.

But after all, why be exigent about accuracy? I think Radclyffe Hall, author of "Adam's Breed" (Doubleday, Page), has the right idea—she has a great many right ideas, as you know if you have read "Adam's Breed." She says, in *The Bookman*, that even if there is no more Cooper or Cody and no more Wild West shows to make the heart beat high, people who sit at London desks balancing ledgers have their evenings to do with as they please, and "in the evenings they escape to your stretching prairies; they love madly, live madly, ride madly bucking bronchos, and all *via* the media of your Western romances. Surely the writing of such books is worthwhile."

L. E. S., Hegius, Pa., asks for the names and descriptions of about forty novels, half new, half of the past two years, for starting an all-fiction reading circle.

I HAD given up hoping for much from H. G. Wells in the way of fiction; I had seen too many of his novels start off with a swinging first chapter and then suddenly sit down like a baked apple. So it was with no especial expectation that I gave myself to the charm of the conversation of the first chapter of "Meanwhile" (Doran). Even when I realized that I was a hundred pages further and the charm still working, I would not trust it to hold to the end. But the end came all too soon, and found this case hardened eye blinking back unabashed tears, this novel-soaked heart ready to join some sort of a crusade for something, within ten minutes if necessary. What is more, this state of mind persists three weeks later; it is like going through a really righteous revival. A milder new novel is "The House Made with Hands," by the anonymous author of "Miss Tiverton" (Bobbs-Merrill); this gentle story has a house for a hero, and a girl whose heart-strings twine around every doorknob: Fate saw to it that I should read it while packing to move, but I would have found it lovely at any time. Susan Ertz's "Now East, Now West" (Appleton), is the best hands-across-the-sea novel in a long while; how Miss Ertz, from her home in Belgravia, manages so to keep in touch with American thought, customs, attitudes, and even locutions, is a mystery to me; beside it the burlesque of "Twilight Sleep" shows for what it is. "Transplanted" is a novel of this sort by Brand Whitlock (Appleton), so-called because his last one was called "Uprooted," otherwise it might have been "Digested," for the American bride in it has no more chance against her French family-in-law than a muffin against the pancreatic juice. Gertrude Atherton's "The Immortal Marriage" (Boni & Liveright), is in her documented manner, as in "The Conqueror;" it will inform many moderns of the affairs of Pericles and Aspasia. "The Fool," by H. C. Bailey (Dutton), is a substantial historical novel of the time of Henry II, involving the quarrel with Thomas à Becket. If translations are admitted to this list, let one by all means be "The Mob," by Blasco-Ibañez (Dutton). I have been hoping for years that this novel would be translated; it has some of the most exciting garbage dumps in literature. I think of it when as I cross the Long Island dump immortalized by Scott Fitzgerald in "The Great Gatsby." I see, by the way, that Barry Benefield has used the romance of the dump in "Bugles in the Night." "The Woman Who Stole Everything" (Doran), gives its name to a collection of typical but over-the-average Arnold Bennett short stories. Speaking of short stories, Wallace Smith has put together some about troupers in a theatrical boarding-house, under the title "Are You Decent?" (Putnams). They are most amusing, but I wish when authors collect their stories in book-form they would read them over before printing: we would not then have had this alarming but innocent title explained in every story, or each character identified on every appearance. I suppose "The Thunderer," by E. Barrington (Dodd, Mead), will be very popular in this reading-club, but I am overfed with novels on Napoleon, especially those in which his military record is off-stage; Léonie Aminoff has giggled through six volumes of the Torchlight Series of Napoleonic Novels (Dutton), the most kittenish historical fiction on record, and there are six more to come. "Alma," by Margaret Fuller (Century), is an understanding study of a woman who loved love. "The Other To-Morrow," by Octavus Roy Cohen (Appleton), is a swiftly-moving romance of two men and a married woman in Georgia, not to be put down until finished.

I have been lately talking about mystery stories, for which this reader asks especially, but "The Canary Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine (Scribners), has since appeared; this was feverishly followed while it was coming out in *Scribner's Magazine*, and has been vigorously praised since, but for me its excellent plot and well-sustained suspense is all but spoiled by the insufferable talk of the detective. He sounds as if he had been to Oxford through a correspondence school. If I am told that this is impossible, so is the language of Philo Vance—Philo being apparently short for Philosesquipedalius. However, it is a mighty good yarn whenever he can keep his mouth shut. "Murder in the Maze"—two simultaneous murders in two mazes—is by J. J. Connington (Little, Brown), and George Gibbs reveals unsuspected talents in the construction of mystery stories with "The Castle Rock Mystery" (Appleton), a murder with a delightful Pennsylvania-Dutch detective. I am still on the new novels, but as this list admits books of the last two years it can have the two novels of Ronald Knox, "The Viaduct Murder" and "The Three Taps" (Simon & Shuster), and these are models of their kind.

Choosing novels for the second half of this list is skimming cream, but as I do it from memory it may well be that some of the cream has gone through the skimmer. But I could not leave out James Boyd's "Marching On" (Scribner), Edna Bryner's "Andy Brandt's Ark" (Dutton), David Garnett's "Go She Must" (Knopf), Helen Hull's "Islanders" (Macmillan), Storm Jameson's "The Lovely Ship" (Knopf), Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "The Old Countess" (Houghton, Mifflin), Booth Tarkington's horrible example in "The Plutocrat" (Doubleday, Page), Ellen Glasgow's "The Romantic Comedians" (Doubleday, Page), Sylvia Warner's "Mr. Fortune's Maggot" (Viking), Lion Feuchtwanger's "Power" (Viking), Virginia Woolf's "To the Lighthouse" (Harcourt, Brace), the two volumes of Brett Young's "Love Is Enough" (Knopf), Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Lost Ecstasy" (Doran), Julia Peterkin's "Black April" (Bobbs-Merrill), Sinclair Lewis's "Elmer Gantry" (Harcourt, Brace), Elinor Chilton's "Shadows Waiting" (Day), and if

(*Continued on next page*)

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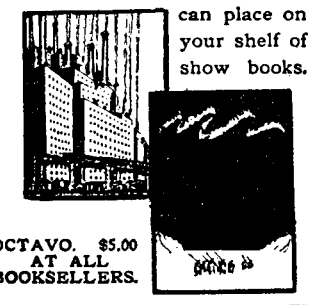

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Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

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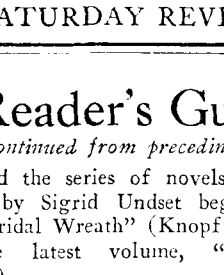

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(*Continued from page* 140)

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IDEALISM AS A PHILOSOPHY. By *R. F. Alfred Hoernlé.* Doran. $2.50.

THE ANALYSIS OF MATTER. By *Bertraud Russell.* Harcourt, Brace. $6.

SEX AND REPRESSION IN SAVAGE SOCIETY. By *Bronislaw Malinowski.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

THE GOOD WILL. By *H. J. Paton.* Macmillan.

DIRECTING MENTAL ENERGY. By *Francis Aveling.* Doran. $2.50.

Poetry

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AND DID YOU WONDER? By *Alice Mary Evans.* New Haven: Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor.

A HORN FROM CAERLEON. By *J. Corson Miller.* Vinal. $1.50.

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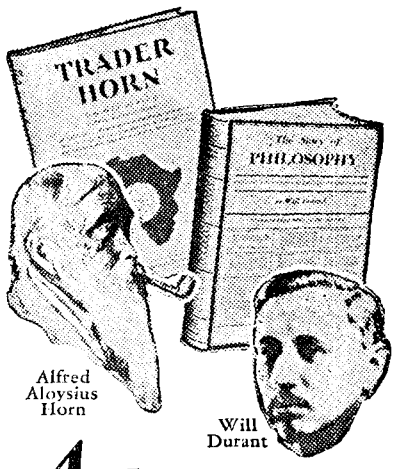
Travel

THE HIMALAYAN LETTERS OF GYPSY DAVY AND LADY BA. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $5.

The tradition of the Unexplored demands that the unknown regions should be approached, not lightly, merely by way of touring, but for a purpose; the setting of a record, exploration, map-making, or political or religious mission. There should be a decent number of hardships, well spiced with danger, and months without communication with the outer world. Here there is nothing of the sort. Instead, a luxurious caravan, complete even to gay uniforms for the litter-bearers, and gorgeous trappings for the horses, makes its way over glaciers and difficult eighteen thousand foot passes, to the very roof of the world, for a two-year picnic.

The book is distinctly interesting, especially after the authors overcome their first self-consciousness at sight of the Himalayas at close range. One of its chief by-products in interest will be found in speculation as to the identity and characteristics of both the authors and the people to whom they addressed their letters. One begins "Dear Janet," and immediately afterwards speaks of Killam's Point. We followed the clew of Janet, of Killam's Point, and so discovered the identity of the mysterious Gypsy Davy and Lady Ba. They are Americans, not in the least Gypsy except by choice. For the sake of the book, however, a few words of explanation would save the reader's time, and add to his sympathy. Even of the members of the expedition there is no attempt at introduction. The letters plunge into mentions of Chot, and Rasul, and Iba, and it is only after many pages that Iba and Ibrahim are discovered to be one. Yet what is lacking in cohesion the reader will make up trying to solve the mystery, if he likes mysteries, and he will be cajoled into chuckling delight by the very real and sympathetic descriptions of native life. What is perhaps the first direct transcription into English of one of the adventures of the heroic King Kesar is tossed, in three parts, into a miscellaneous assortment of glaciers, a native play, and the Courier's account sheet.

The book is somewhat marred by the constant use of such technical mountain-language as is never seen in the books of professional explorers, mixed with a good many amateur Urdu and Ladakhi phrases, which few will have the patience to look up in the appended vocabulary.



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THE literary pundits are alike in all ages, and a "best seller" never will suit them. This needs no proving, but if it did, a candidate for the degree of Doctor in Letters at the University of Amsterdam, a year ago, has produced evidence which few who read it will fail to find convincing. His best seller was the hit of the season in the year 1494, and of its sixty-two known editions there is not one that is not sure to find a buyer in 1927 in any bookshop anywhere. This is the unrivalled record of "The Ship of Fools."

The popularity of this work today is due to its pictures, which are a marvellous portrayal of every phase of medieval life. Nobody reads the text nowadays, although pages are devoted to its contents in many treatises on European literature. The curious thing that was discovered by Fr. Aurelius Pompen, O. F. M., when he got well into the researches for his doctoral dissertation, is that nobody ever had read it, or very few, for if they tried, there is very little sense to be found in it. The historians of literature, like everyone else, looked long at the pictures, and spared themselves the trouble of reading the text.

Brother Aurelius started his thesis with a simple problem, to show that Barclay's English translation of "The Ship," printed in 1509, was a neglected factor in fixing the English language. Before he got through, he found that he must read, carefully and so far as possible understandingly, all the versions of the work, in order to find out what Barclay's "translation" really was.

The "Ship of Fools" was written by Sebastian Brant, a Professor of Law at Basle, in the dialect of German used in his native Strassburg. The thirteen German editions printed before 1512 can only have been fully understood by Strassburgers. The Latin version, of which five editions were printed in 1497 and three the next year, was made by a man who clearly appreciated the problems of a printing office. He translated just enough to fill, with a picture, the two, or three, full pages allotted to each section, and then he stopped, regardless of the sense. From this Latin, a versified paraphrase in French was made in 1497, and a prose version the next year. A more careful translation into French appeared in 1499. Ten years after this, two rival London printers each brought out an English version. Of all these various texts, the only one that can be read with any satisfaction is the one written by Alexander Barclay. The problem which Fr. Aurelius tried to solve, with marked success, was how this came about; in other words, to show that Barclay had the good judgment to write sensibly even when he could not make sense out of either the French or the Latin texts *which he had before him.*

The whole story is set forth in a volume of 350 pages, published by Longmans, Green & Company. Fr. Arelius explains, with just a hint of Christian resignation as he refers to his reading of all the versions, that it seemed better to present the evidence in full, and thus to save anyone else from the temptation of doing it all over again. It is an amazing commentary on, and a revelation of, the ways of translators. Whether one specializes in linguistics, or psychology, or is merely looking for something out of the ordinary, entertainment can be promised on every other page of this most learned and delightfully composed treatise. Not always as good as the explanation of line 1530, which locates Etna in Denmark, but always illuminating, showing how an understanding of human nature can make the dullest passages yield their quota of entertainment, "The Ship of Fools" has become, for the first time after four hundred years, a book to be read as well as looked at.

MORE questions are asked than answered, concerning the actual state of affairs in Mexico. The problem of our southern neighbor is a puzzling one to those who know most about it. Such others as are interested in bookish by-ways, it is safe to guess, will not find their notions about that country simplified, if they chance to meet with the series of "Monografias Bibliografias Mexicanas" issued, at the government expense, under the direction of Sr. Genaro Estrada. One thing at least is made clear, which is that the Mexican government is as queer as our own in the allocation of subjects to departments, for these strictly bibliographical publications come out under the patronage of the Secretariat of Foreign Affairs. A suspicion of ulterior design might have been suggested as a reason for this, with the latest of these neat little volumes, which is a "Bibliografia del Petroleo en Mexico," prepared under the direction of the Secretary of Industry, Commerce, and Labor. But this cannot hold for its predecessors, which range in interest from a list of Chroniclers of the history of the City of Mexico, a bibliography of the State of Sinaloa, and the brands, "Marcas de Fuego," found stamped on the edges of books that once belonged to old Mexican libraries (with facsimiles of nearly 300 stamps), to a bibliography of Mexican novelists (a volume of over 400 pages, with an index of more than 800 titles), and a list of the writings of the contemporary poet Amado Nervo.

THOSE who know which doorway leads to a dark and narrow passage at the end of which is a dimly lighted office will recall pleasant momories, and maybe take from its place at least one treasured volume, at the news that H. C. Brooks, M. A. of Oxford, is to print his "Compendiosa Bibliografia di Edizione Bodoniane." And they will not be surprised to learn that it will contain some 600 items not listed by De Lama, or that "the Collations are based generally upon uncut (in many cases unopened) copies." The book will be illustrated by some sixty plates of illustrations, frontispieces, borders, and unknown typesheets. It may be ordered from Messrs. Gonnelli of 6 Via Ricasoli in Florence.

Bodoni has settled into his place as essentially a printer's printer. A little of his work goes a long way with amateurs in collecting, or in typography. It is none the less a secure position, and no one can understand the influences which have brought about the extraordinarily high average of excellence in the bookmaking of the present day, without more than a casual knowledge of Bodoni's work. Hence the gratification with which all who know Mr. Brooks will welcome the information that he is to share with the world at large his unequaled familiarity with the whole range of Bodoni's output.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Scots Darien Company of 1695 was a tragic failure in every other respect, but it seems to have been created for the delight of bibliographers, as anyone may learn by trying to collect publications relating to that most instructive if unprofitable West Indian venture. The contemporary London tracts exist in just the right number to encourage the beginner, and entice him along in the belief that he has a chance to encompass the subject. By the time he learns of the Scottish imprints, and discovers that the broadsides, official and unofficial, are more important than the tracts, the seriousness of the quest becomes clear. Even if the collector, whose enthusiasm ordinarily dates from a Caribbean voyage, abandons the early tracts for modern treatises, he will find that many of these appeared under widely different auspices. The most recent, and one of the most valuable, embodying documents from Seville and Kingston edited by Frank Cundall of the Jamaica Institute, will be found among the neat little "Notes and Monographs" issued by the Hispanic Society of America. Like Washington Irving's Diary for 1828-29, the subject is most appropriate to the series in which it appears, but this will not make it easier to bring it to the attention of those most desirous of reading it.

* *

His Britannic Majesty's Privy Council turns its attention to many subjects, but never to one more unexpected than when, through its Medical Research Council, it undertook to answer the question of what type is most legible. This is a serious matter, and it has been dealt with in a *thorough-going fashion. The result,* happily, will prove comforting to some few Americans, at least, who have had to listen to discussions of this problem from its various angles. A Special Committee upon the Legibility of Type was appointed in 1923, and it in turn employed a competent investigator, Mr. R. L. Pyke, who evidently understands all about the way such a research should be conducted. He had special machines built, engaged electrical and psychological experts, and secured data for many pages of tabulated results Incidentally, Mr. Pyke had another, and an unusual qualification. This is the ability to perform experiments without allowing them to warp his judgment; in other words, he retains his common sense.

Mr. Pyke concludes his Special Report No. 110 of the Medical Research Council by stating that his experiments prove, if they prove anything, that the general consensus of opinion is correct, that the ideal type "should be simple, fairly broad, with fairly thick limbs, but not too much contrast in thickness and thinness, and with fairly wide spacing." Beyond this, which has long been current opinion, he came to the conclusion that unless types are markedly and obviously different, which means peculiar, "it is impossible to say that one is objectively more legible than another. Such types will be 'legible' according as they suit the psychological make-up of the reader. Hence the most legible type is unlikely to be the same for all readers."

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DEAR READERS:

Well he came back—yes, I mean the Phœnician, and I know what I think of him if he doesn't print this. Because it is a steamer letter, because when *he* came back I lost my job and overcome by the bitterness of life I decided to go on a vacation. In fact I have now become a marine mouse entirely and I am not sure but what I shall stick to the sea. . . .

It's all right to say that it was the Phœnician's job in the first place, but any fair-minded person will have to admit that I had done remarkably well in the short time I had at my disposal. In fact I challenge anyone to produce a mouse who can do as well in the literary line in as short a space of time. I had just got into the swing of things and would have made my mark if I had only been let alone. Of that I am very sure. But the Phœnician with his straitened intelligence decided otherwise. So I have gone down to the sea in ships or to be exact have just passed the Scilly Islands on the *Berengaria* and we ought to get to Cherbourg about seven o'clock tomorrow morning. . . .

It has been a good trip so far. I am in the second class as that was where I eventually located after climbing up a hawser down at the dock and making my way along these many iron or steel wainscoats which are so hard on a mouse offering as they do no concealment. I am located behind the washbasin thing in a cabin occupied only by one man attracted as I was to it because he seemed to have some books around. He has *Wells's* "Meanwhile," and a book of poetry called "Requiem," by *Humbert Wolfe*, and a book I see is older, "On the Margin," by *Aldous Huxley*, and he has the *Sketch* and the *Tatler* and the *Royal Magazine*, so I guess he must be an Englishman. He smokes a pipe and takes a cold bath in the morning. . . .

Of course I have been up in the first class where they call them Salon Passengers. And I have seen the English women tennis players who are aboard and was present the other evening at the concert where they auctioned off a snapshot of these young ladies for the sum of £20. It was only an ordinary glazed photograph not even mounted and even though the players were all going to sign it, it seemed to me a bit excessive as I thought what I could do with that much money when I got to Paris if I could only get it changed into small enough French coins for me to carry around. One of the English tennis players, *Miss Sterry*, played the violin and was accompanied by the daughter of *George M. Cohan*. . . .

I am sorry to say that there is a black and white cat aboard but travel is certainly not what it used to be when you think that they let cats aboard such magnificent ships as this and do not even put them in the steerage. This cat has got some intimation that I am present and yesterday came into the cabin when my man was out and I was behind the water bottle. I have also got up since on the pushed-up framework of the upper berth which is not now in use and there I feel safer. I have been out on the deck also though, from one coign of vantage enjoying seeing the passengers at their silly amusements of shovel board and rubber quoits and deck tennis. I have had no beef tea or real tea but got hold of a very good piece of biscuit the other day that fell from a steward's tray, and in the dining room at night I have foraged successfully. . . .

I have heard of rats on board ship, but here, certainly, there do not seem to be any, though I travel ever shadowily and warily. The seagulls I have recently seen since we sighted Bishop's Light are certainly awful creatures with quite a swoop to them. There are dogs aboard but they are kept in kennels up on the highest sun deck. . . .

Well, I am quite a fine sailor and bid fair to become as great a success in this occupation as I was in the literary line if tyranny and injustice had not removed my occupation and nipped in the bud my bright light of genius. But I am keeping up my reading by perusal of the *Daily Mail Atlantic Edition* which my man leaves in the cabin. I was sorry to read of *Mr. Marcus Loew's* death and that *Tilden* and *Hunter* won the doubles because I am fond of *Billy Johnston* whom I have cleverly dubbed, myself, the Fighting Mouse of the Courts. . . .

Yes, I shall be very traveled by the time I get back and hope that all will go well with my dear wife and family whom I left, I must admit in some dejection at my departure. But then the opportunity does not often offer for a mouse thus to advance himself and increase his general knowledge by reading the various interesting items in the *Daily Mail Atlantic Edition* and the answers to the list of puzzling questions they set their readers every day which are in the back part. . . .

I have also come across an article in a recent *Scribner's* on the late *Amy Lowell* which interested me particularly the pictures and I have perused many reproduced photographs of the English nobility at fashionable watering places. Also in the *Royal* is an instalment of a new story by *Margaret Kennedy*, the author of "The Constant Nymph," which is called "Red in the Morning" or something like that. I read several lines of it but have so far got no distinct impression of its style. . . .

So you see that I have been well occupied beside walks on deck, mostly in the scuppers as we sailors term them and climbing ropes and things. The funnels are frightful into one of which I nearly fell and the engine rooms are a labyrinth of iron stairs terrible to behold where the turbines and oil fires and all that are as I heard an engineer say if I am not misquoting him. The swimming pool in the first class I have seen and the water is a beautiful color but I am not a swimming mouse and do not even care to venture into the canvas tank aft in the tourist class. . . .

I think I shall go on to Southampton anyway. I must see England. One of my ancestors, I believe, came from England. He was a fieldmouse or a dormouse, I have forgotten which, but he had lived at one time in the New Forest which he told my father was somewhere near Southampton. They say there are wild ponies there which I should not care for, but it is well to visit the haunts of one's ancestors. . . .

I am not likely, I think, to come back with an English accent, though I shall get together what souvenirs I can carry in small compass. Whether I shall eventually push on to France by airplane I do not know, but at this writing it does not look as though I should settle in England permanently. . . .

I hope to keep up my writing and reading and shall perhaps favor the poor old desk-ridden and overwrought Phœnician with examples of my skill at correspondence, couched in my neat, cursory style. To my many warm friends and hearty admirers I send this somewhat *ennuyé* adieu; but you are sure to hear from a mouse as clever and accomplished as I in no long space of time. I am acquiring even more polish and background than I demonstrated from the first and have already adapted myself to deep-water voyaging in a fashion I believe to be unique among rodents. . . .

Well, cheery-ho, as we say in England. I am glad to have done my little best. . . . Help! There comes that confounded cat again! . . .

O'Reilley.

Edmond Jaloux, writing in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* of "Le Barrage" (Paris: Plon), Henry Bordeaux's new novel, asserts that it is the finest romance to have come from the pen of its author. It is a work that in the guise of a story depicts the struggle between material and spiritual forces that goes on constantly in human society. Its scene is laid in the Savoeise Alps where an engineering company has established a village around its works, and where it harnesses nature for material ends and takes no count of moral or spiritual values. The contending points of view are presented through the two leading characters, one an engineer and the other a hunter of chamois. The book is a satire that is full of pathos.

Henry Miller Rideout, who died last week at the age of fifty, was a prolific and versatile writer. He was graduated from Harvard in 1899, and the same year published his "Letters of Thomas Gray," and a new edition of Tennyson's "Princess," which he edited with Professor Charles T. Copeland. He spent five years on the Harvard Faculty as an instructor in English, one product of this period being the book, "Freshman English and Theme Correcting at Harvard College," in which Professor Copeland again collaborated, as he did in a third volume, "Selections from Wordsworth, Byron, &c.," issued in 1909, after Mr. Rideout had abandoned teaching for fiction-writing.

Mr. Rideout wrote numerous short stories and novels, many of which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* before publication in book form. Among them were "The Siamese Cat," "The Twisted Foot," "White Tiger," and "Man Eater."

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